

FRONTISPIECE.



MOMUS AND HIS COMPANIONS.

"Let • Mirth' and Wine go round."

THE
FESTIVAL
OF
Domits,
a Collection of
COMIC SONGS,

Including the Modern
and a
VARIETY of ORIGINALS.

A New Edition.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall-Street.

Price Two Shillings sewed.



I N D E X.

A

<i>A</i> SHEPHERD lov'd a nymph so fair.....	16
<i>A</i> flaxen headed milk-maid.....	23
<i>A</i> beggar I am, and of low degree	27
<i>Adieu</i> , my Fernando, ah! never	30
<i>As</i> motley is thy fancied gear.....	44
<i>As</i> a blessing to husbands each wife sure was sent.....	53
<i>At</i> the very best of houses, where the best of people dine.....	42
<i>Ah!</i> cruel Sir Thomas	85
<i>At</i> evening, when my work is done	90
<i>As</i> the compass true, believe me.....	93
<i>Asks</i> dearest Jane what potent spell	121
<i>An</i> anxious mother search'd in vain	122
<i>A</i> rose bud by Lydia to Emma convey'd	134
<i>A</i> glass is good, and a lass is good.....	141
<i>Ah!</i> rose, forgive the hand severe.....	156

I N D E .

<i>A dance round the maypole my bosom delights</i>	<i>158</i>
<i>Ah! seek to know what place detains.....</i>	<i>174</i>
<i>Ah! Delia see the fatal hour.....</i>	<i>187</i>
<i>As t'other day fair Chloe stray'd.....</i>	<i>191</i>
<i>A shepherd wander'd we are told.....</i>	<i>193</i>
<i>As bright as the morning the sons of the chace.....</i>	<i>201</i>
<i>Arise, my fair, the morn invites</i>	<i>211</i>
<i>As pendant o'er the limpid stream</i>	<i>212</i>
<i>Autumn's plenteous crops appear.....</i>	<i>216</i>
<i>A psalm or a song singing cobbler be I.....</i>	<i>238</i>
<i>As I walk'd thro' Bristol city</i>	<i>267</i>

B

<i>Blue Peter at the mast-head flew</i>	<i>32</i>
<i>Beauty blooms on ev'ry thorn</i>	<i>105</i>
<i>Behold denied their airy flight.....</i>	<i>153</i>
<i>By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill</i>	<i>243</i>

C

<i>Come fill me a bumper my jolly brave boys</i>	<i>5</i>
<i>Come Roger and Nell.....</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>Come festive mirth and social joy.....</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Come, sailors, be filling the cann</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>Courteous stranger.....</i>	<i>35</i>
<i>Come, gentle zephyr, lend thy aid</i>	<i>101</i>
<i>Come jolly boys that sailors be.....</i>	<i>119</i>
<i>Cold blew the wind, no gleam of light</i>	<i>155</i>
<i>Come hear an old campaigner's song</i>	<i>185</i>
<i>Court me not to scenes of pleasure.....</i>	<i>190</i>
<i>Cease, cease, ye birds of the grove</i>	<i>210</i>

I N D E X.

<i>Church-warden I've been, let me see, very often</i>	218
<i>Come let us raise the war-like lay</i>	249
<i>Come all hands, a-hoy, to the anchor</i>	272

D

<i>Dear Nancy I've sail'd the world all around</i>	25
<i>Down the rugged mountain's steep</i>	92
<i>D'ye mind me, I once was a sailor</i>	209
<i>Devoid of all care was my morning of life</i>	227
<i>Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale</i>	283

E

<i>Element of liquid beauty</i>	10
---------------------------------------	----

F

<i>Flock round me ye pastoral swains</i>	20
<i>From London sad at heart I came</i>	45
<i>Fair Ellen was a gentle maid</i>	61
<i>For tenderness form'd in life's early day</i>	75
<i>For England, when with fav'ring gale</i>	79
<i>Fair Nancy pin'd in sorrow</i>	97
<i>Fill the glass, to beauty charge</i>	126
<i>Fair Anna lov'd a rustic boy</i>	147
<i>From the light down that mocks the gale</i>	57
<i>Fair Hebe, lovely Hebe's gone</i>	233
<i>Friendship thou charmer of the mind</i>	234
<i>For England, when, with fav'ring gale</i>	250
<i>Fairer than fair Eden's bow'r</i>	271

INDEX.

G

<i>Gin living worth could win my heart.....</i>	19
<i>Gaily tripping to and fro</i>	60
<i>Go, gentle zephyr, go</i>	99
<i>Gentle love this hour befriend me</i>	270

H

<i>How merrily we live that soldiers be.....</i>	10
<i>Hope, to sooth a wand'ring lover.....</i>	14
<i>Harry is a charming lad</i>	33
<i>Here's a health to all good lasses</i>	48
<i>Hark, hark, the clarion sounds afar</i>	56
<i>Hast e'er seen a hen on hot griddle.....</i>	83
<i>Her lovely eye of heavenly blue</i>	85
<i>How gaily roll'd the moments on.....</i>	159
<i>How oft' when cooling zephyrs play.....</i>	167
<i>Hark, the goddess Diana calls out for the chase.....</i>	173
<i>How happy was each moan of love.....</i>	177
<i>How sweet when the silver moon is blinking</i>	261
<i>His form by nature's hand was cast.....</i>	268
<i>Hark, Eliza's tuneful voice.....</i>	271
<i>How mistaken is the lover</i>	281

I

<i>I strive to conquer mighty love</i>	2
<i>If gold could lengthen life I swear.....</i>	3
<i>In merry Sherwood we merry men all</i>	28
<i>I've often been told of the anguish of love.....</i>	29

INDEX.

<i>I am a friar of order grey</i>	47
<i>I am a physical snob, Sirs</i>	57
<i>I am a jolly hardy tar</i>	58
<i>In the cup of female life</i>	61
<i>In poaching all mankind delight</i>	62
<i>In all the nations round us</i>	65
<i>I'm a brisk jolly tar just going to sea</i>	69
<i>In seclusion's sacred bow'r</i>	90
<i>If woman is curious sure nature's to blame</i>	93
<i>In the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream</i>	95
<i>In love's soft illusion</i>	107
<i>In the hall I lay in night</i>	117
<i>In poverty's garb tho' tis true I'm array'd</i>	120
<i>I am a cheerful fellow altho' a married man</i>	130
<i>In defence of her sex sure a woman may speak</i>	131
<i>In a cottage I live, and the cot of content</i>	136
<i>In life's delusive gilded morn</i>	139
<i>In this chaos of new fangled modes that we live</i>	165
<i>In my pleasant native plains</i>	176
<i>I was press'd while a rowing so happy</i>	81
<i>In throngs from all parts</i>	192
<i>In the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath</i>	196
<i>I sing of that life of delight beyond measure</i>	198
<i>I'm monarch of all I survey</i>	221
<i>John Bull was a bumpkin born and bred</i>	230
<i>Joys that are pure</i>	252
<i>If truth can fix the wav'ring heart</i>	263
<i>I was call'd knowing Joe by the boys of the town</i>	275

L

<i>Let the smiles of youth appearing</i>	6
<i>Let others boast the downy nest</i>	33

INDEX.

<i>Let philosophers boast of their wisdom profound</i>	42
<i>Let muckworms exist on their treasure</i>	50
<i>Love, thou strange capricious boy</i>	160
<i>Let sailors and soldiers unite in one cause</i>	184
<i>Long her hapless fate bemoaning</i>	244
<i>Love was once a harmless child</i>	258
<i>Loudly let the clarion blow</i>	266
<i>Love's a sweet a gen'rous passion</i>	269

M

<i>My father was a tinker's son</i>	21
<i>Merry lasses draw near</i>	51
<i>Maidens listen I'll discover</i>	108
<i>My love to war is going</i>	110
<i>My heart is as honest and brave as the best</i>	262
<i>My true hearty fellows who smoke with such glee</i>	284

N

<i>Now the dancing sun-beams play</i>	55
<i>Not to the victories of a year</i>	88
<i>No hie of the rose can compare</i>	102
<i>Ned oft' had brav'd the field of battle</i>	150
<i>Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ship</i>	168
<i>Now driving through Highgate</i>	179
<i>No lark that e'er whistled aloft o'er the downs</i>	188
<i>No longer tempt me from my duty</i>	204
<i>Near where old Thames in ample tide</i>	219

O.

INDEX.

O

<i>Old England's a lion stretch'd out at his ease</i>	1
<i>O Nanny wilt thou fly with me</i>	3
<i>O love declare, sweet friendship say</i>	4
<i>Of a great well known family near Tipperary</i>	54
<i>Oh, young affection's glowing train</i>	95
<i>O'er moorland and mountain, rude barren and bare</i>	103
<i>Of all that strive to live and thrive</i>	106
<i>Old Oakum, Mainbrace, honest Jack</i>	109
<i>One kind kiss before we part</i>	116
<i>On Tay's sweet banks the lintwhite sings</i>	123
<i>Of all the swains both far and near</i>	132
<i>Of horses and hounds who speed swift o'er the plain</i>	138
<i>O listen, listen to the voice of love</i>	166
<i>O search round the world, mine the very best trade is</i>	194
<i>O what a misfortune befel me to-day</i>	232
<i>Our ships, the guardians of our land</i>	237
<i>Of't as on Thames's bank I stray</i> . . .	247
<i>Our top-sail's a-trip and our anchor's a-weigh</i>	260
<i>O think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd</i>	264
<i>On a bank of sweetest flow'rs</i>	265
<i>O had I Allan Ramfay's art</i>	282

P

<i>Primroses deck'd the bank's green side</i>	116
<i>Pretty maid adieu, I must haste to battle</i>	118
<i>Poor Anchoret, a maiden fair</i>	178

R

INDEX.

R

Rosy wine is the key that livens the heart145

S

Still blest lover's in your sight64
Scarcely had the blushing morning81
Since the preference we know88
Silly maid be not afraid91
Should dangers e'er approach our coast108
Sweet nymph tho' far remov'd I start142
Stay, traveller, tarry here to night147
Soft is the zephyr's breezy wing148
Still the lark finds repose151
See, beneath yon bow'r of roses153
Since we parted, dear girl, were you constant and true172
See the dawn how it rises in golden array182
Sweet artless songster of the grove224
Sweet zephyr tho' midst rose buds playing235
Sweet bird that cheer'st the heavy hours258

T

Thyrsis when he left me swore7
The bard who glows with Grub-street fire13
The rose that weeps with morning dew34
Thus for men the women fair36
That the world is but a stage, O I'll prove beyond a doubt 39
The stag to elude and perplex the fleet hound46
The miser cries, discount, discount49

INDEX.

<i>To the joys of the bowl we true Bacchants invite.....</i>	<i>52</i>
<i>The dauntless sailor leaves his home.....</i>	<i>68</i>
<i>The meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing.....</i>	<i>77</i>
<i>There the moon-silver'd waters roam.....</i>	<i>80</i>
<i>To arms, to arms, when captains cry.....</i>	<i>82</i>
<i>The blush on her cheek was by modesty drest.....</i>	<i>87</i>
<i>Thro' forests drear I once did stray.....</i>	<i>94</i>
<i>Thus we sport so merrily.....</i>	<i>96</i>
<i>The gentle swan with graceful pride.....</i>	<i>100</i>
<i>Take, Oh take, those lips away.....</i>	<i>103</i>
<i>The silver rain, the pearly dew.....</i>	<i>104</i>
<i>Tell me, fairest, tell me true.....</i>	<i>105</i>
<i>Tho' hurricanes rattle, tho' tempests appear.....</i>	<i>113</i>
<i>There was a little woman.....</i>	<i>114</i>
<i>Three lovers I boast who are handsome and smart.....</i>	<i>129</i>
<i>The lamp of hope with rays of light.....</i>	<i>135</i>
<i>The mutual vows fond lovers make.....</i>	<i>137</i>
<i>To thee, Oh gentle sleep alone.....</i>	<i>143</i>
<i>Thro' France, thro' all the German regions.....</i>	<i>148</i>
<i>To win and to wear a sweet creature.....</i>	<i>152</i>
<i>Twin roses you've archly contriv'd.....</i>	<i>154</i>
<i>They tell me I'm too young to wed.....</i>	<i>164</i>
<i>Tho' my mother and aunt will jeer and will taunt.....</i>	<i>169</i>
<i>The war-like genius of this sea-girt isle.....</i>	<i>170</i>
<i>'Twas near a rock within a bay.....</i>	<i>171</i>
<i>The village hind with toil had done.....</i>	<i>175</i>
<i>Tho' my dad I must own is but poor.....</i>	<i>183</i>
<i>Tho' late and early I do pad.....</i>	<i>195</i>
<i>To be sure in my heart I don't like now.....</i>	<i>197</i>
<i>The dew lightly fell on the sweet-briar thorn.....</i>	<i>200</i>
<i>The swelling canvas caught the breeze.....</i>	<i>202</i>
<i>The slow rising morn glads the tops of the hills.....</i>	<i>203</i>
<i>Tho' old England, cries William, invites me to arms.....</i>	<i>215</i>
<i>The infant spring returns again.....</i>	<i>225</i>

INDEX.

<i>'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town</i>	228
<i>The goddess of mountains, bluë, rosy and free</i>	236
<i>The western sky was purpled o'er</i>	241
<i>To old Satan, in hell, where he sat in grim glee</i>	255
<i>I think not, my love, when secret grief</i>	259
<i>'Tis not the tint of ruby hue</i>	260
<i>Thro' groves sequester'd, dark and still</i>	262
<i>'Tis in vain for succour calling</i>	285

W

<i>Why drops that tear, Britannia, say?</i>	2
<i>What tho' the sable hours of night</i>	5
<i>Where are those hours fled</i>	15
<i>When hawthorn buds began to blow</i>	17
<i>When night and left upon my guard</i>	31
<i>When I was a boy</i>	41
<i>Why who art thou, thou fierce fellow</i>	43
<i>When love gets you fast in her clutches</i>	48
<i>When a man is determin'd on taking a wife</i>	63
<i>When scarce a handspike high</i>	73
<i>When first this humble roof I knew</i>	75
<i>When zephyr, who sighs for the lover's soft bliss</i>	76
<i>When first young Harry told his tale</i>	78
<i>When mirth, an infant, sleeping lay</i>	86
<i>When Delia on the plain appears</i>	102
<i>While beams the bright morn</i>	111
<i>When spring resum'd her motly dress</i>	112
<i>When thou art absent, charming maid</i>	118
<i>When the bee at eve reposes</i>	128
<i>Who hunt after fortune attend</i>	140
<i>When on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd</i>	151
<i>Where Lowestoff waves us yellow corn</i>	163

INDEX

<i>When waken'd by the convent bell.....</i>	174
<i>When whistling winds are heard to blow</i>	189
<i>When nights were cold and and rain and fleet.....</i>	213
<i>When isicles hang by the walls</i>	214
<i>When I was at home as the lark I was gay</i>	217
<i>When talking of bulls only mention our forefathers.....</i>	222
<i>While gratitude glows in an Englishman's heart</i>	223
<i>Whene'er I view the op'ning dawn.....</i>	226
<i>When first you courted me I own</i>	229
<i>We meet as a circle, our title's the same.....</i>	240
<i>When the morning peeps forth</i>	245
<i>When angry nations rush to arms</i>	246
<i>When I was a chit, and just enter'd my teens.....</i>	251
<i>When first thy soft lips I but civilly press'd</i>	274
<i>When first I kend young Sandy's face</i>	280

Y

<i>Young Carlos su'd a beauteous maid.....</i>	9
<i>Yeomen attend, who, sword in hand.....</i>	11
<i>You may sing of your waggons.....</i>	36
<i>You say, my dear girl, that I'm given to rove</i>	72
<i>Yes, yes, my fair, I freely grant</i>	111
<i>Young Will. of the green is the lad to my mind</i>	127
<i>Ye dull sleeping mortals of every degree.....</i>	144
<i>Young Donald is the blishest la-d</i>	161
<i>Young Sandy once a wooing came</i>	162
<i>Ye sons of Hibernia, who, snug on dry land</i>	205
<i>Young Damon has woo'd me a monstrous long time.....</i>	248
<i>Ye youths wheresoe'er ye wander so free.....</i>	253
<i>Ye streams that round my prison creep</i>	254

THE MUSIC FOR THESE POPULAR
SONGS,

MAY BE HAD AT THE FOLLOWING
MUSIC WAREHOUSES:

• LONGMAN AND BRODERIP'S, CHEAPSIDE.

† LINLEY'S, (LATE BLAND'S) HOLBORN.

‡ PRESTON AND SON'S, STRAND.

§ CULLIFORD, ROGEE, AND BARROW'S, CHEAPSIDE.

THE
FESTIVAL
OF
MOMUS.

SONG.*

OLD ENGLAND'S A LION.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

OLD England's a lion stretch'd out at his ease,
A sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas:
Should a monkey dare chatter, or a tyger claw,
They tremble at his roar as he lifts up his paw;
I love a neighbour's friendship, but he turned foe,
Prepare to receive him with blow for blow.

B

SONG.

S O N G.*

I STRIVE TO CONQUER MIGHTY LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Duffey.

I STRIVE to conquer mighty love,
But find myself deceiv'd,
For ev'ry hour, alas! I prove,
The conquest unatchiev'd :
By day, by night, I seek in vain
For ease—complaints increase my pain.

S O N G.*

BRITISH UNION.

WHY drops that tear, Britannia? say,
Shake but thy lance, we'll all obey :
Why, drooping o'er thy fav'rite isle,
To crush the traitor, Britons smile :
Whilst thou, sweet peace, thine olive bring,
We'll swear allegiance to the King.

Tho' discord strikes the Gallic shore,
Where helmets shine and cannons roar,
May Briton's join each other's hand,
And concord reign throughout the land.
Whilst thou, sweet peace, thine olive bring,
We'll swear allegiance to the King.

Pat

Put forth your strength, and riches bring,
 Long live our sov'reign Lord the King;
 Tho' war-like clad, let sacred truth
 Arm both the ancient and the youth.
 Whilst thou, sweet peace, thine olive bring,
 We'll swear allegiance to the King.

S O N G.*

OH! NANNY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O H! Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the charming town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and ruffet gown?
 No longer drest in filken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nancy, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that fast and gentlest mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae?
 And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

S O N G.*

O, LOVE DECLARE.

Sung in the Travellers in Switzerland.

O LOVE, declare, sweet friendship say,
 Why, why should memory impart,
 A bliss or sorrow past away,
 To cheat, alas! the silly heart.
 On plighted vows, on transports dwell,
 Such, memory, alone impart,
 From thy record these fondly tell,
 And kindly cheat the silly heart.

SONG.

(5)

S O N G.*

WHAT THO' THE SABLE HOURS.

WHAT tho' the fable hours of night,
From Sols bright lustre veil the sight;
And curtain o'er each tree-topt hill,
Each flow'ry lawn and limpid rill,
To us more joy their presence yields
Than all the charms of groves and fields;
By the waxen taper's blaze,
Beauty shoots her conqu'ring rays.

Eyes their brilliant force impart,
Looks transporting ev'ry heart:
While catch or glee, so merrily,
In sounds harmonious flow,
Thus love and joy these hours employ,
What more can life bestow.

S O N G.*

A DRINKING SONG.

COME fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise,
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies by Jove.

B 3

When

When first I saw Betty, and made my complaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint ;
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
 Were hypocrisy, paint, and self int'rest, by Jove.

Sweet Celia came next, with her languishing air,
 Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair ;
 But her mind was sophistical, so was her love,
 For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys,
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise ;
 I know few of the sex who are worthy my love,
 And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

GLEE.

LET THE SMILES OF YOUTH.

LET the smiles of youth appearing,
 Let the rays of beauty cheering,
 Drive the gloom of care away :
 Thus in strains of lively measure,
 We replete with joy and pleasure,
 Lengthen out each happy day :
 Far from the tumult of ambitious strife,
 Easy, contented, may we pass through life ;
 Time can impair the lustre of our youth,
 But not of friendship, love, or sacred truth.

GLEE.

G L E E.*

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore,
In the spring he would return,
Ah! what means that op'ning flow'r,
And the bud that decks the thorn:
'Twas the nightingale that sung,
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,
Idle notes, untimely green,
Why such unavailing haste,
Gentle gales, and sky serene,
Prove not always winter past:
Cease, my doubts, my fears remove,
Spare the honor of my love.

S O N G.*

HARVEST HOME.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
To celebrate harvest home:
For Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, and our barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His cann and his lass in his hand.
 For Ceres bids play, &c.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,
 In innocent pastime and mirth;
 While thus we carouse, with our sweetheart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
 When Ceres bids play, &c.

S O N G.

IF GOLD COULD LENGTHEN LIFE.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest care
 To get a stock, that I might say,
 When death comes to demand his prey,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way,

But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought,
 And foolishly disturb the skies,
 With vain complaints and fruitless cries;

For since the fates will have it so,
 What good will gold or whining do:
 Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl;

Freedom

Freedom and health, and, while I live,
 Let me not want what love can give ;
 Then shall I die in peace, and have
 This consolation in the grave,
 That once I had the world my slave.

S O N G.*

YOUNG CARLOS.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

YOUNG Carlos sued a beauteous maid,
 On her his happiness staking,
 She frown'd upon his love—he sigh'd,
 Ah! me, my heart is breaking.

She took a swain, of large domain,
 His humble love forsaking,
 He thought her happy, and he smil'd,
 Altho' his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
 She found, with anguish aching,
 He sunk, and gave her such a look,
 Just as his heart was breaking.

S O N G.*

ELEMENT OF LIQUID BEAUTY.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

ELEMENT of liquid beauty,
Mirror, chaste as op'ning day,
How enchanting is your duty,
Graceful nature to display.

Like the face of that fair creature,
Form'd for man's supreme delight;
Thine is deck'd with ev'ry feature,
That can captivate the sight.

G L E E.*

HOW MERRILY WE LIVE.

HOW merrily we live that foldiers be,
Round the world thus we march with merry glee;
On the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie,
No cares we know, but fortune's frowns defy,
No cares we know, but fortune's frowns defy,
So long as we can see our colours fly.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE ARMED YEOMAN.

YEOMEN attend, who, sword in hand,
Stand forth your country's glory,
Who quit the plough to guard the land,
Come listen to my story :
Listen how France is still the foe
Of Britain's Constitution,
King, or Republicans, we know
In this no revolution.

C H O R U S.

These Frenchmen boast they'll hither come,
And mighty are in words, Sir,
But who invades a Briton's home.
Shall feel a Briton's sword, Sir.

They say they will (so kind and good)
Give freedom to all people ;
Free they shall be to bathe in blood,
Free to burn church and steeple :
Free to lose all that's dear—and then
Free to keep what they have, Sirs,
Free, nor to think or act as men,
Free—to be France's slaves, Sirs.
These frenchmen, &c.

Britons well know, and e'er have known,
 That freedom ne'er was given
 But to those who deserve the boon,
 And then's the gift of heaven:
 The virtuous, brave, and kind are free,
 In this alone confin'd, Sirs,
 They cannot false or cruel be,
 They cannot change their mind, Sirs.
 We will not change, so let them come, &c.

Yeomen attend, your liberty
 Has no fine spun solution,
 But has a noble invent'ry
 Within the Constitution:
 Has never master but the laws,
 Which house as castle guard, Sirs,
 And in the rich and poor man's caule,
 Give equally award, Sirs.
 The laws we'll keep, so let them come, &c.

This invent'ry, as you'll perceive,
 Names freedom's dispensations,
 Names all herself can ever give,
 And all her best relations:
 Free industry to work or gain,
 Free what is gain'd t' enjoy, Sirs,
 Free words, free thoughts to entertain,
 Free talents best t' employ, Sirs.
 These rights we'll keep, so let them come, &c.

Thus free, whilst each may forward get,
 Each prosp'rous makes the nation;
 Each adds his mite to make it great,
 Each patriot in his station:

Yeomen

Yeomen of England, brave and free,
 Defend such Constitution,
 Call truly new French policy,
 Old slavery with confusion.
 So tell these French, who boast they'll come, &c.

S O N G.

COLLINS'S SALLY.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

THE bard who glows with Grub-street fire,
 In Sally's praise profuse is ;
 But know the Sally that I admire,
 'Tis wit alone produces :
 Sweet sprightly sylph, 'tis thee I mean, /
 Then stand not shilly shally,
 But as thou art my fancy's queen,
 Ne'er let me want a Sally.

'Tis true, were told, in prose or rhyme,
 A wit is but a feather ;
 But let me lightly mount sublime,
 A rush for wind or weather ;
 For like the lark I'll soar and sing,
 While from the fordid valley
 The grov'ling earth-worm ne'er takes wing,
 Nor e'er enjoys a Sally.

Sallies of wit, where wisdom rules,
 Are gladfome, gamesome gay things;
 But those who sport with pointed tools,
 Should handle well their playthings:
 Then haply when the stroke offends,
 No longer prone to rally;
 I'll silence keep to keep my friends,
 And check the sportive Sally.

And as old time speeds on apace,
 His sport and prey to make us,
 With hasty steps, and hot-foot chace,
 Determin'd to o'ertake us:
 When from the sally-port of life
 We rush to close life's tally,
 Releas'd from cank'ring care and strife,
 Triumphant be our sally.

S O N G.

HOPE TO SOOTH A WANDERING LOVER.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

H OPE, to sooth a wandering lover,
 One kind cheering ray discover,
 While her lone abode I trace:
 Oh! that fate may not oppress me,
 Give a single smile to bless me,
 Painted on Louisa's face.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHERE ARE THOSE HOURS FLED.

Sung by Mrs. Carey.

WHERE are those hours fled,
That us'd to yield delight?
My days with pleasure sped,
And sweet repose at night:
Within the shaded cot,
Which stands on yonder lea,
It was, alas! my lot,
My Mary first to see.

Ah! were her love like mine,
How happy had I been;
Crown'd with such bliss divine,
While Mary reign'd my queen:
But she increas'd my woe,
While at her feet I sigh'd,
Disdain sat on her brow,
Which all my love defy'd.

If beauty makes her vain,
My Mary sure is wrong;
For, ah! who can retain,
Or boast of beauty long?
My love is so sincere
Should time her charms disguise,
I'd love my Mary dear,
'Till death had clos'd my eyes.

S O N G.*

FAL LAL LA.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

A SHEPHERD lov'd a nymph so fair,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal la;
And thus his passion did declare,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal la;
For thee, dear maid, I long, in vain,
Have sigh'd nor ventur'd to complain,
Oh! now consent to ease my pain,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal la.

Oh! could I gain thy tender heart,
Fal lal la, &c.
We'd join again no more to part,
Fal lal la, &c.
With thee I'd tread the daisy'd mead,
To view the herds and flocks at feed,
And home at eve thy footsteps lead,
Fal lal la, &c.

With blushing sweetness thus the maid,
Fal lal la, &c.
His honest passion brief repaid,
Fal lal la, &c.
I long, dear youth, thy love have known,
By ev'ry tender kindness shewn,
Then take my hand, my heart's thy own,
Fal lal la, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE BONNY COLLIER'S DAUGHTER.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

WHEN hawthorn buds began to blow,
And linnets sung fra tree to tree,
Young Sandy, laird o'er a' the land,
And blithe as blitheft lad could be,
Went o'er the moor to meet his love,
And o'er the moor he fought her,
And thus he fu'd, and thus he woo'd,
The bonny Collier's daughter.

Awa, awa, wi' me, sweet las,
Awa, awa wi' me,
I gat me blame, and left my hame,
And a' for love of thee.

The las was bright as beauty's queen,
Her mind was fansey, frank and free,
She ken'd the lad was blithe and fair,
And thought he was of low degree:
But still she lov'd him to her heart,
Whilst o'er the moor he fought her,
And thus he fu'd and fondly woo'd
The bonny Collier's daughter.
Awa, awa, &c.

Dear

Dear lass, he cry'd, I've won thy heart,
 While still ye thought me poor and mean;
 Of a' my wealth ye shall ha part,
 Were I a king you'd be a queen:
 Then o'er the moor he led his love,
 And o'er the moor he brought her,
 And thus he fu'd, and thus he woo'd,
 The bonny Collier's daughter.
 Awa, awa, &c.

S O N G.

DELIA'S BIRTH DAY.

COME, festive mirth, and social joy,
 Drive care and sorrow far away;
 Hence ev'ry thought that may annoy,
 For this is Delia's natal day.

Ye pretty little warbling throng,
 That hop about from spray to spray,
 Ye charmers raise a livelier song,
 For this is Delia's natal day.

And you, ye streams that move so slow,
 And glide along your wat'ry way,
 In softer murmurs learn to flow,
 For this is Delia's natal day.

Return;

Return, ye vernal gales return,
 Thou sun diffuse a gladfome ray,
 And ush'ring in the happy morn,
 O smile on Delia's natal day.

S O N G.

THE WAEFUL HEART.

Sung by Master Knyvett.

GEN living worth could win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain;
 But in the darkfome grave its laid,
 Never to rise again:
 My waeful heart lies low wi his,
 Whose heart was only mine,
 And ah! what a heart was that to lose,
 But I maun no repine.

Yet, Oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon,
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth,
 Sin Jamie's in the grave:
 And see, his gentle spirit comes,
 To shew me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And, Oh! wie what gude will,
 I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill:

She

She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheeks possess'd,
Her wæful heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

S O N G.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.

Sung by Master Welsh.

FLOCK round me, ye pastoral swains,
To hear the glad tidings I bring,
A shepherdes visits our plains,
Whose presence enlivens the spring:
Complacency beams in her face,
With beauty that all must approve,
Her features so blended with grace,
She's surely the goddess of love.

In her ev'ry charm is combin'd,
No art in her manner you'll see;
Her sense most supremely refin'd,
With temper mild, open, and free:
To her form, like an angel's, is join'd,
A mind that's related above;
To the poor ever soothingly kind,
She must be the Goddess of Love.

Soft

Soft pity is trac'd in her breast,
 By the index that dwells in her eye;
 With a heart to relieve the distrest,
 And the wants of the needy supply:
 For the woe of all others she feels,
 Their suffering tries to remove,
 Her humanity plainly reveals,
 She must be the Goddess of Love.

Ah! sure she's a goddess indeed,
 On earth not her equal is found;
 Ye swains sound the musical reed,
 In her praise let the vallies resound:
 Could I this sweet treasure regain,
 And she my fond passion approve,
 No more I'd e'er wish to obtain,
 But life with my Goddess of Love.

S O N G.*

THE TANNER.

Sung by Mr. Knight.

MY father was a tinker's son,
 And I'm his boy 'tis ten to one,
 Here's pots to mend, was still my cry,
 Here's pots to mend, aloud bawls I:
 Have ye any tins, pots, kettles, or cans,
 Coppers to folder, or brass pans?
 Of wives my dad had near a score,
 And I have twice as many more;

And

And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the Lord (upon my soul he was) the
Lord knows who:

(Tis a hard matter for a child to know its own father,
besides my mother was a queen, O yes, she was
queen of the gypsies, and perhaps I was born a
prince, though now, like other tinkers, I mend
one hole and make two)

With my tan ran tan, tan ran tan,
For pot or cann, O I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got,
A barn-door capon, and what not;
Here's pots to mend, I cry'd along,
Here's pots to mend was still my song:
At village wake, O curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note,
The folk in clusters flock'd around.
They seiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, peas and beans,
Besides a jolly tinker's (yes, by the Lord) a tinker's
ways and means

(Oh! they took my all, left me nothing but my pater-
nal estate, which consists of)——

With my ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come.
For want of cash the folks I hum;
Here's pots to mend, bring me some beer,
The landlord cries—you'll get none here,

You

You tinkering dog, your tricks I know,
 More beer indeed!—pay what you owe:
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
 And with his back rub off the score;
 At his expence we drown all strife,
 For which I praise the landlord (could not do less than
 praise) the landlord's wife:

(And because she was pretty—what eyes! what a
 shape!—another quart and score it up to the
 tinker—at any time should you want any little
 job done, you may command me)

And my ran tan, &c.

S O N G.*

THE MILKMAID.

A FLAXEN headed milkmaid,
 As simple as may be,
 And next a pretty dairy maid,
 I chanted o'er the lea:
 But now a faucy chambermaid,
 I've got a better place,
 I'll dress my head with ribbons fine,
 Set off my handsome face:
 When houseke-per promoted,
 I'll snip a butcher's bill,
 My lady's pockets empty,
 My own I mean to fill;
 And lolling in my chariot,
 A lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little milk-maid
 That chanted o'er the lea.

I'll

I'll try to get a husband,
 No matter for the pelf,
 So I can have a title,
 Why then I please myself:
 Her Ladyship I long to be,
 A Lord or Knight I crave,
 If he is rich in honors,
 No matter if a knave:
 I hope to be a peerefs,
 And see a birth-day ball,
 With footmen drest so gaily,
 My carriage for to call:
 When lolling in my chariot,
 A lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little milkmaid
 That chanted o'er the lea.

I'll fend my Lord to India,
 His pockets for to fill,
 So he does get their treasure,
 The nabobs he may kill:
 With gold and diamond's loaded,
 When he returns again,
 For honors and for riches,
 I'll be foremost in the train:
 A Knight of Bath or Garter,
 I'll purchase him I vow,
 And then forget those merry days,
 When milking of the cow:
 So lolling in my chariot,
 A lady great I'll be,
 You'll forget the little milkmaid,
 That chanted o'er the lea.

SONG.

Tho' battle tremendous appears,
 When blood stains the face of the main;
 Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,
 The sailor's a stranger to pain:
 The thought, with what rapture and pride
 Each girl will her hero review—
 'Tis this makes him danger deride,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

S O N G.*

THE BEGGAR.

Sung in Merry Sherwood, or Harlequin Forrester.

A BEGGAR I am, and of low degree,
 For I'm come of a begging family;
 I'm lame, but when in a fighting bout,
 I whip off my leg and I fight it out:
 In running I leave the beadle behind,
 And a lass I can see, tho', alas! I am blind;
 Thro' town and village as I gaily jog,
 My music's the bell of my little dog;

I'm cloath'd in rags
 I'm hung with bags,
 That around me wags,
 I've a bag for my salt,
 A bag for my malt,
 A bag for the leg of a goose;
 For my oats a bag,
 For my groats a bag,
 And a bottle to hold my boose:

It's now heav'n blefs you for your charity
 (Bless your noble honor, and your good lady,
 hope you'll never know the loss of a leg or an eye)
 Heav'n blefs you for your charity,
 Then push about the cann,
 Tolde rol lol de rol lol de ree.

In begging a farthing I'm poor and old,
 In spending a noble I'm stout and bold,
 When a brave full company I see,
 It's, my noble masters, your charity:
 But when a trav'ller I meet alone,
 It's stand and deliver or I'll knock you down;
 All day for a wandering mumper I pass,
 All night oh a barn and a buxom lass,
 I m cloath'd in rags, &c.

S O N G .

THE BUGLE HORN.

Sung by Mr. Bowden.

IN merry Sherwood we merry men all
 Live here like the birds most free;
 The daisy a carpet makes for our fine hall,
 And our roof is the greenwood tree:
 In town let 'em wear silk hose,
 And gold on their funday cloaths,
 Our deer ev'ry day in the week,
 Wears a doublet brown and sleek;

The

The ram has a coat most rough,
 But cold he looks in his buff,
 And that's when his back is shorn,
 Let the bow cry twang, let the bow cry twang,
 Twang dillo go lang, twang dillo go lang,
 Then sweet sounds the bugle horn.

We take from the rich and we give to the poor,
 And we feast on the well fatted deer ;
 Our bus'ness is game, and game we can shoot,
 As our table does make it appear :
 In town let 'em wear silk hose, &c.
 My merry men all are stout and bold,
 And thus are they chosen by me ;
 The man that's not able my sides to baste,
 Comes not into my company :
 In town let 'em wear silk hose, &c.

S O N G.*

LACK A DAISY—MY POOR LITTLE HEART.

Sung by Miss Gray, at Sadler's Wells.

I'VE often been told of the anguish of love,
 Arm'd with caution against cupid's dart ;
 If it e'er should be mine the strange passion to prove,
 Lack a daisy—my poor little heart :
 There is a young shepherd I own, when we meet
 I'm so blest ! tho' I sigh when we part !
 To be sure this can never be love, 'tis so sweet,
 Lack a daisy—my poor little heart.

C3

He

He bought a straw hat at the fair t'other day,
 Set off with pink ribbons so smart,
 And he gave it to me in a manner so gay
 Lack a daify my poor little heart :
 But a kifs in return he expected to get,
 I vow'd from a kifs I'd not part,
 But he somehow obtain'd one, and when our lips met,
 Lack a daify—my poor little heart.

I vow if its love that I feel for the swain,
 Love, ye virgins, indeed has no smart,
 And, Oh! if the lad he should love me again,
 Lack a daify, my poor little heart :
 O dear, if he should, he'll be asking to wed,
 Tho' I'm in no haste, for my part,
 But if he should ask, I may somehow be led —
 Lack a daify—my poor little heart.

S O N G.*

ADIEU, MY FERNANDO FOR EVER.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

A DIEU, my Fernando, ah! never
 Again will I cherish fond love;
 Thy form to my sight remains ever,
 Still constant my passion shall prove:
 Cold is that hand, pale is that cheek,
 In death will I my lover seek,
 All joy from me, from me is fled,
 My life, my love, Fernando's dead.

SONG.

SONG.*

SWEET MARY COME TO ME.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

WHEN night, and left upon my guard,
 Nor leaf nor whisp'ring breeze is heard,
 And stars between close branches peep,
 And birds are hush'd in downy sleep;
 My soul to tender thoughts resign'd,
 And lovely Mary fills my mind;
 At ev'ry noise, for bluff Who's there?
 I gently breathe, Is't thou, my fair?
 Thy dying soldier haste and see,
 Oh! come, sweet Mary, come to me.

As on my post thro' blaze of day,
 The wretched, happy, sad, and gay,
 In quick succession move along,
 I see or hear the passing throng;
 My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
 I hug my musket in my arms:
 So all of passions, joy and grief,
 When comrades bring the glad relief,
 I cry, thy soldier haste and see,
 Oh! come, sweet Mary, come to me.

S O N G . °

BLUE PETER AT THE MAST-HEAD FLEW.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

BLUE Peter at the mast head flew,
And to the girls we bid adieu ;
Weigh'd anchor and made sail :
The boatswain blew his whistle shrill,
The reefs shook out began to fill,
We caught a fav'ring gale :
And with a cann of flip,
To cheer the honest tar,
Thus gaily may he trip,
Lara lara lara lara la.

We cruiz'd along the coast of France,
But not a Monsieur gave a chance,
We did, my lads our best,
We drank, and laugh'd, and sung together,
We kept the sea, nor car'd for weather,
'Twas all the same to Jack :
And with a cann, &c.

Oft' running large, short miles we trac'd,
And now close hawl'd, the yards sharp brac'd,
Thus and no near the cry :
Now tacking, swearing, lashing, steering,
While away the chance is bearing,
To have a brush d—m'd shy :

And

And now and then a shot we try, to bring them to,
 whether it hits or not,
 Lara la, &c.

Sometimes while squalls have o'er us swept,
 High at the mast-head watch I've kept,

We did my lads our best ;
 Still on the look out for a rumpus,
 At every corner of the compass,

The North, South East, and West :
 S. and by W. NNE. SSW. NE. by N. SW. by S.
 NE. SW. NE. by N. SW. by S. ENE. WSW.
 E. by N. W. by S. Ayed—me, North, South, East,
 West, and every corner of the compass,
 And with a cann of flip, &c.

S O N G.*

HARRY IS THE LAD FOR ME.

Sung by Miss Wingfield.

HARRY is a charming lad,
 Ne'er too modest or too bold ;
 Sure the girls are for him mad,
 But his heart secure I hold :
 Let me wander where I will,
 Ever near he's sure to be,
 Tho' I chide I love him still,
 Harry is the lad for me.

If we chance to meet alone,
 How he sighs and how he speaks,
 Love pervades each magic tone,
 Guides his tongue, and glows his cheeks:
 Ev'ry sense partakes of bliss,
 All is joy and ecstasy,
 Then does he so sweetly kiss,
 Harry is the lad for me.

'Ere we parted yester eve,
 What d'ye think the creature said?
 Nought but this, if you'll believe,
 Would I, would I, would I wed:
 No, said I, I won't indeed;
 But you shall indeed, says he,
 Well it surely is decreed,
 Harry is the lad for me.

S O N G.

THE ROSE THAT WEEPS.

Sung by Mr. Bowden.

THE rose that weeps with morning dew,
 And glitters in the sunny ray,
 In tears and smiles resembles you,
 When love breaks sorrows clouds away.

The dews that bend the blushing flow'r,
 Enrich the scent, renew the glow;
 So love's sweet tears exalt its pow'r,
 So bliss more brightly shines by woe.

SONG.

S O N G.*

COURTEOUS STRANGER.

Sung by Miss Leak.

COURTEOUS stranger,
Free from danger,
And laughing at departed labour;
Cares unbending
Thy journey ending,
Now frisk it to the merry pipe and tabor:
Welcome, stranger, welcome here,
Our humble welcome but sincere,
From the lowly slave receive,
All alas! they have to give.

S O N G.*

THE FISHERWOMEN.

Sung in Don Juan.

THUS for men the women fair,
Lay the cunning cunning snare;
While like fish the men will rove,
And with beauty fall in love:
What is beauty but the bait,
Oft' repented when too late.

If too rash to seize the prize,
 Now display'd before their eyes,
 How you'll rue, when all is past,
 Hymen's hook, which holds you fast:
 'Ere you marry, then beware,
 'Tis a blessing or a snare.

S O N G.*

THE IRISH NEWSMAN.

Sung by Mr. Dighton.

YOU may sing of your waggoners, plough boys,
 and watchmen,
 Your lamplighters, sailors, and pedling jews;
 There's no trade like mine, for you're sure for to
 catch men,
 Rich, poor, old, and ugly, all reading the news:
 While round with my papers straight forward I'm
 going,
 My masters they find me employment enough,
 For we make out the bus'ness with puffing and blow-
 ing,
 My horn's after blowing whatever they puff:
 (And between us both we contrive)
 To botheroo didderoo merry and frisky,
 My horn always made as much noise as he could,
 For as sure as dear Dublin's the country for whiskey;
 It must be an ill wind that blows nobody good.

If

If our Oracle ever should fall 'tis no wonder,
The Times are complain'd of as not always right ;
And sometimes the Sun, just by way of a blunder,
He sets in the morning and rises at night :
Then 'twould your worships my plan to unlock it,
How often I travel regardless of harm,
With a Star in my hand, and the World in my pocket,
And carry a Telegraph under my arm :

(And then you see I'm like the public ledger, open to
all parties and influenced by none, and that's
the way)

I botheroo, didderoo, &c.

Then I've all the agreeable news of the nation,
Your battles, and murders, and such pretty jokes ;
Wid your parliament speeches, agraah, botheration,
And the nate little things that are done by grate
folks :

Then I lump ev'ry accident, death, and promotion,
Your tragedies, comedies, all in a string,
Wid wedlock and hanging, for some have a notion,
That one noose and t'other is just the same thing.

(And by my conscience I think so myself, for a man
had better be tuck'd up at once than be plagu'd with a
perpetual)

Botheroo didderoo, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE MUFF.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

LET others boast the downy nest,
Or mossy blooming rose,
Or wanton dwell on Hebe's breast,
Fair as the lily blows :
But my lov'd song the muff shall be,
Its secret charms explore,
That play thing praise, in ecstasy
By wives and virgins wore :

C H O R U S.

O the muff, the jolly muff,
Grant me of muff great store,
Or black or brown divinely rough,
I worship and adore.

Since fashion first possess'd the mind,
With Fancy folly came ;
The muff alone is true to kind,
In shape, in make the same :
Not oval quite, or perfect round,
An oblong form it shews,
And justly styl'd the deep profound,
As it no bottom knows.
Oh! the muff, &c.

This

This toy, when worn in infant days,
 Of smoothest fatten seen,
 And through the white a blush displays,
 Rais'd by the pink within :
 But fable furs, or auburn hue,
 Maturer years produce ;
 And females wise that choice pursue,
 As colours made for use :
 Oh! the muff, &c.

Come, buxom lass, sweet twenty-five,
 Let me thy muff employ,
 In sportive mood let's equal strive,
 To yield each other joy :
 My pliant soul with hope expands,
 Now feels the genial flame,
 And rising manhood boldly stands,
 To guard thy sacred name :
 Oh! the muff, &c.

S O N G.*

LUMP'D TOGETHER.

Sung by Mr. Johannot.

THAT the world is but a stage, O I'll prove be-
 yond a doubt, Sir,
 Where some go up, and some go down, and some go
 in and out Sir ;

And since they play at different games in ev'ry kind
of weather, Sir,
Why I will likewise play my game, and lump them
all together, Sir,
Bow wow wow,
Fal lal de riddy iddy,
Bow wow wow.

A Quack he is a playing rogue, that often takes your
life, Sir,
A Scold she is a manager, that always plays in strife,
Sir,
A Bailiff is a playing knave, that studies with great
art, Sir,
For when he gets you in his claws, its ten to one you
part, Sir,
Bow wow wow, &c.

A Glutton plays a greedy part, and gobbles like a sa-
vage, Sir,
A Taylor plays a clipping part, whenever he can cab-
bage, Sir,
A Gamester plays a losing part, and pops things on
the shelf, Sir,
And a Miser plays a wretched part, and often cheats
himself, Sir,
Bow wow wow, &c.

A Coxcomb is a playful thing, that very little means,
Sir,
A Prude she is a player too, but plays behind the
scenes, Sir,

A Coquet is a butterfly, and often plays the romper,
Sir,
But a Lawyer plays a serious part, and the devil is his
prompter, Sir,
Bow wow wow, &c.

A Soldier plays a noble part, commanding admiration,
Sir,
A Sailor plays a valiant part, the glory of the nation,
Sir,
A Briton plays an honest part, and holds his country
dear, Sir,
And gratitude shall be the part I ever will play here,
Sir,
Bow wow wow, &c.

S O N G.*

THE LITTLE DANDY.

Sung by Mr. Johannot.

WHEN I was a boy,
And a pretty little boy,
With my hair about my ears so sandy O;
All the pretty maids would cry,
What a funny rogue was I,
And they christen'd me the little dandy O.

But as I older grew,
And something better knew
Than sucking lollypops and sugar-candy O,

Why

Why I kiss'd them night and day,
And the ladies us'd to say,
O the pretty little fellow is the dandy O.

O then to end the strife,
I got a little wife,
With a pretty little waift so handy O!
And soon I got a lad
Quite the image of his dad,
And the pretty little fellow is the dandy O.

Now spousy day and night,
O she calls me her delight,
Her sugar-plumb, her pet, and Tristram Shandy O:
And then, so fond am I,
When we go to lullaby,
That she says I am the pretty little dandy O.

S O N G.*

THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING AND DRINKING.

Sung by Mr. Taylor, at Vauxhall.

LET philosophers boast of their wisdom profound,
And statesmen on kingdoms debate;
Let fashion's gay vot'ries pursue folly's round,
And pedants on gravity prate:
But far wiser the man, who, quite free from vain strife,
Ne'er loses his time in dry thinking.

But

But in jovial contentment devotes his whole life,
 To the pleasures of hunting and drinking.
 Wine enobles the mind and subdues ev'ry care,
 While the chace ruddy vigour supplies ;
 Thus good liquor, assisted by sweet wholesome air,
 Each sorrow, each sickness defies :
 Then come, joyous hearts, push about the brisk bowl,
 And ne'er from your glass be caught shrinking,
 For of all the delights that enrapture the soul,
 Sure none are like hunting and drinking.

When the mellow-tongued hound and the huntsman's
 shrill horn,
 To the fields glorious pastimes invite,
 Like sons of great Nimrod we enjoy the fresh morn,
 And like sons of gay Bacchus the night :
 Then hark forward, brave fellows, and nobly disdain
 Ever under dull gloom to be sinking,
 But banish rude sorrow, forget ev'ry pain,
 In the transports of hunting and drinking.

S O N G.*

THE TANNER.

Sung in Merry Sherwood, or Harlequin Forester.

WHY who art thou there, thou fierce fellow,
 That rangest so boldly here ?
 In sooth, to be brief,
 Thou look'st like a thief,
 That comes here to steal the King's deer.

For

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
 Nor all thy arrows to boot;
 If thou get'st a knock,
 Upon the bare scop,
 Thou'lt not be inclined to shoot.

I pass not for length, I'd have you to know,
 My staff is of oak so free,
 Eight foot and a half,
 It will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.

S O N G . °

THE WITCH

Sung by Mr. Martyr.

AS motley is thy fancied gear,
 Right motley be thy mind,
 About, around, be here and there,
 By mortal unconfin'd :
 Try skip very pretty,
 Field, forest, road, and city,
 Yield us ev'ry aid and pleasure,
 My delight and Robin's treasure.

With nimble hand but wave thy sword,
 And, light as flitting thought,
 At noddle shake, tho' mum the word,
 A spirit's ear is caught :
 Trip, skip, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.*

HEY DOWN A DOWN.

Sung by Mrs. Clendining.

FROM London, sad at heart I came,
From London upon the Thames,
Where my Lord Longchamp's daughter fair
A foreign suitor claims:
Hey down, a down, &c.

The haughty Prince of Aragon,
There swears by his martial hand,
To have the lady to his spouse,
Or else to waste the land:
Hey down, a down, &c.

Except some champions can be found
That dare fight three to three,
Against the Prince and giant's twain,
Most terrible to see.
Hey down, &c.

Now were four damsels sent abroad,
To the East, West, North, and South,
To try whose fortune is the best,
To find these champions out.
Hey down, a down, &c.

But

But all in vain we yet have fought,
 For none so bold there are
 That dare adventure life and blood,
 To free a lady fair.
 Hey down, a down, &c.

S O N G.

MY DOE IS MY DEAR.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

THE stag, to elude and perplex the fleet hound,
 'Midst sweet scented flowers the scent would
 confound,
 The keeper steals softly, with arrow takes aim,
 And twang from the hord he outfingles his game:
 And twang from the hord he outfingles his game:
 The deer is dislodg'd, see him bound o'er the plain,
 His layer he endeavours but cannot regain,
 While echo pants double, quick tighs from his pain;
 But Cupid with art, hath wounded an heart,
 'Tis here, all fighting heigho, 'tis here,
 Sound tripple heart bounding, I fly to my doe,
 I fly to my doe, my doe is my dear.

The land hath deceiv'd, he ventures the foil,
 Down the wind, up the current, pursue the blithe toil,
 He swims, the rude waters now hide his brown coat,
 Like coral-tree stately his antlers afloat:
 Like coral-tree, &c.

Now

Now on the turf, and against a white-thorn,
 Indignant at bay see him stand all forlorn,
 Ah! vain is thy courage death sounds the shrill horn :
 But Cupid, &c.

S O N G.

THE FRIAR.

Sung by Mr. Bowden.

I AM a friar, of order grey,
 And down the vallies I take my way,
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
 Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip;
 My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
 Wherever I walk no money I want;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well:
 What Baron, or 'Squire, or Knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy Friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
 Myself by denial I mortify,
 With a dainty bit of warden pye:
 I'm cloath'd in sackcloth for my sin,
 With old sack wine I'm lin'd within,
 A cheeruping cup is my matten song:
 And the vespers bell is my bowl, ding dong,
 What Baron, or 'Squire, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHEN LOVE GETS YOU FAST IN HER CLUTCHES.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

WHEN love gets you fast in her clutches,
And you sigh for your sweetheart away,
Old Time cannot move without crutches,
Alack! how he hobbles, well-a-day!

But when Walter my trembling hand touches,
And love's colouring o'er my cheeks stray,
Old Time throws away both his crutches,
Alack! how he gallops, well-a-day.

G L E E.*

MYRE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Sung by Sedgwick, Huttley and Dignum.

HERE's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let a bumper toast go round:
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found.
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

GIVE ROUND THE WORD.

THE miser cries, 'discount, discount,'
The newsman daily blows his horn;
The huntsman cries, 'let's mount, let's mount'
And sluggards sleep away the morn:

C H O R U S.

'Tis glorious sport, the sailor brags,
And rakes for girls will range the strand,
The courtier daily flaunts in lace,
While bunters walk the streets in rags;
The captain gives the word of command,
While the ship is in full chase.

The coachman cries, 'a coach, a coach,'
Quite pleas'd when he a fare has got;
And chairmen cry, 'a chair, a chair,'
Then off the christian ponies trot.
'Tis glorious sport, &c.

Sal Dab, who daily walks the street,
With open mouth fine flounders bawl:
When search night comes, each brim retreats,
Or Snap comes up, and sweeps them all.
'Tis glorious sport, &c.

D

And

And now the stag has wash'd his face,
 Quite tir'd with soap-suds down he lies;
 His bosom swells—he's lost the race,
 You'd laugh to see him wipe his eyes.
 'Tis glorious sport, &c.

S O N G.

A BALM FOR THE BITTERS OF LIFE.

LET muckworms exist on their treasure,
 We'll leave them in secret to pine;
 I'll tell ye the true source of pleasure,
 'Tis women, dear women, and wine;
 My conduct is censur'd for certain—
 Well knowing that life's but a farce,
 Contented, 'till fate drops the curtain,
 I'll cheerfully take t'other glass:

C H O R U S.

What matters then fighting, or pining,
 For future deeds, present, or past?
 Here's a cordial will keep you from whining,
 And make us all easy at last.

Those monarchs who fight for ambition,
 Who ministers often beguile,
 I pity their sov'reign condition,
 And laugh, while they only dare smile:

Let them conquer and desolate nations,
 To rise in the annals of fame,
 While Bacchus's bumper libations,
 My unfading laurels proclaim.
 What matters then, &c.

Come here, my example to follow,
 No further you need ever seek ;
 At tipling I am an apt scholar,
 My precepts are gather'd from Greek :
 From Anacreon I borrow my lesson,
 Subduing whole regions of strife,
 By heavens, my lads, 'tis a blessing,
 And balm for the bitters of life.
 What matters then, &c.

S O N G.

THE MERRY SCOTCH LADDIE.

Sung by Mr. Masters.

MERRY lasses draw near, I'm a pedlar so gay,
 Just popp'd here to pay you a visit ;
 Commodities pleasing and smart I display,
 Come, out with your money, where is it ?

C H O R U S.

What, what, pretty maidens, you all gather round,
 Me! how pleas'd and how smirking you are!
 But what to admire have your pretty looks found?
 Is it me, pretty maids, or my ware ?

D 2

For

For look, I've got ribbons and laces,
 And patches to set off your faces,
 You'll look, girls, like so many graces,
 When deck'd out by me I declare:
 And then I've got bugles and beads, such a show,
 Befitting the finest fair lady;
 Besides, only look, I'm a bit of a beau,
 Now an't I so spruce in my pladdy!
 With my tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol lol,
 You all love a merry scotch laddie.

Adzookers fly Sawney, don't be so demure,
 If the heart of your lass you'd be stealing,
 You must purchase my goods—what a funile! now I'm
 sure,
 'Tis with me she would wish to be dealing.
 What, what, &c.

I've tramp'd it to fairs for a few years or so,
 And the fair round me all in a crack were;
 O Lord I'm so follow'd wherever I go,
 I'm obliged to cry lasses fall back there.
 What, what, &c.

S O N G.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

TO the joys of the bowl we true Bacchants invite,
 To partake of its charms, a true source of delight;
 Then your bumpers replenish and drive care away,
 Rosy Bacchus, ye know, we all strictly obey:

'Tis

'Tis the nectar of Jove that enlivens the soul,
With a song, and a toast, round a full flowing bowl.

Thro' life now, ye see, we so merrily pass
Each man on his knee takes his favorite lass;
Then to Venus and Bacchus the jorum goes round,
True pleasures alone are with us to be found:
From the juice of the vine we in wisdom excel,
Such the learned will own, as the poets can tell.

There's the miser, well known in the annals of fame,
Renown'd as a wretch, tho' too sacred a name;
On his treasure the muckworm exists in distress,
If his heart could expand he might thousands redress:
Let him hoard up his dross, and his maxims define,
While we draw our existence from oceans of wine.

How we laugh at those mortals, those dull sons of care,
Who're shipwreck'd and toss'd on the seas of despair;
Vainly vexing at shades that immerge from the brain,
While the heart-cheering liquor those notions disdain:
Luch weakness and folly our deeds ne'er controul,
With a catch or a glee, round a full flowing bowl.

S O N G.

THE GREY MARE'S THE BEST HORSE.

Sung at Saller's Wells.

AS blessings to husbands each wife sure was sent,
And 'tis their fault alone if revers'd the intent;
With kindness alone our affection they gain,
And by that, only that, they our hearts will retain.

D 3

You

You know we're good-humour'd, obliging, and kind,
 And while you condescend, still obedient inclin'd ;
 But how vain the attempt, tho' all efforts you try,
 To oppose such meek wives, for we'll conquer or die :
 When once we're enrag'd
 And in combat engag'd,
 We'll have the last word, for we'll conquer or die,

Believe then our proverb, none truer you'll find,
 All women by nature to rule are inclin'd ;
 And when joined in wedlock, for better or worse,
 Ev'ry where be assur'd the grey mare's the best horse.

A MAN AN'T A HORSE.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

OF a great and well known family, near tipperary,
 Who trotted a pole, who shoulder'd a hod,
 I was sprung, and so thinking the prospect to vary,
 Left my old ancient ancestors home to the sob :
 So a twist of the brogue I determin'd to alter,
 And spake native English genteelly :
 Of course if a foreigner bred why should I falter?
 Tho' born in a stable a man an't a horse.

To be hit'd as a footman I'd fix it completely,
 To a great man who hated a tight Irish lad,
 And would not keep a servant but talk'd English nearly
 If the devil a one upon earth could be had :

What

What are you? says he — Why an Englishman, honey,
 Where born? — Why in Ireland of course:
 That can't be! — It can, Sir, I'll bet any money,
 Tho' born in a stable, a man an't a horse.

He gap'd and he chatter'd his Cockneyshire blarney,
 Bade me and my brogue to the devil go roam;
 Says I if Bow bells were the Lake of Killarney,
 The devil a cockney would be born at home:
 Cries he, you pronounce neither one thing or t'other;
 Bawls I, I've a tongue sure, for better or worse;
 'Bout pronouncification then why make a bother,
 Tho' born in a stable, a man an't a horse.

At last all the Innkeepers wherever I enter'd,
 Bawl'd 'Put down potatoes,' by way of disgrace;
 Where the bother, thinks I, can their knowledge be
 center'd,
 By my soul they must see I've the brogue in my face:
 So, tho' I talk'd English so native and aefy,
 My plump Irish features betray me of course,
 Tho' I've prov'd to their faces as neat as a daisy,
 Tho' born in a stable, a man an't a horse.

S O N G.

THE MERMAID.

NOW the dancing sun-beams play
 On the green and glossy sea;
 Come, and I will lead the way,
 Where the pearly treasure be:

D 4

Come

Come with me, and we will go,
Where the rocks of coral grow ;
Follow me, and we will go,
Where the rocks of coral grow.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves ;
Riches hid from human eye,
Dimly shines in ocean's caves :
Ebbing tides leave no delay,
Stormy winds are far away ;
Come with me, and we will go,
Where the rocks of coral grow.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Leaver.

HARK ! hark ! the clarion sounds afar,
The hostile band is near ;
The hero burns to join the battle,
Whilst drums and trumpets rattle :
Whilst drums and trumpets rattle.

Eager to fill th' historic page ;
The thirst of glory all his rage :
With crowds of foes he strews the ground,
Whilst war-like strains of joy rebound,
Whilst war-like strains of joy rebound.

SONG-

S O N G.

I'M A PHYSICAL SNOB.

Sung at the Royal Circus.

I AM a physical snob, Sirs,
Can cure ev'ry disease very fast;
There's no greater dab at a job, Sirs,
Than little Emanuel Last:
A son of a seventh son, I Sirs,
Altho' in no chariot I rolls,
As physician I patch up your bodies,
As a cobbler I patch up your soles:
With my fol de rol, &c.

Your Warwick-lane physic disciples
Strut about and look wonderous big;
But, alas! all their knowledge is plac'd,
In a gold headed cane, and bush wig:
As for me, Sir, I cures all distempers,
Howsomever so bad they may be;
But, like many of my learned brothers,
No prescription without I've a fee.
With my fol de rol, &c.

Master Bobby, a crop of this age,
T'other day in great haste for me sent,
Lest death should push him off life's stage,
So away to the gemman I went:

I gave him a potion for sleeping,
 Which, a little while after he'd ta'en,
 He was put into bed, and he slept, Sirs,
 But found that he ne'er wak'd again.
 With my fol de rol, &c.

When my physical habit I quit,
 As a cobbler appealing to view,
 I ne'er fear I each fancy shall hit,
 If I gain approbation from you :
 And when I'm at work in my stall,
 Or in physical habit, I sing,
 Whether handling the potion, or awl,
 Like a true Briton—God save the King.
 With my fol de rol, &c.

S O N G.

ON BOARD OF A MAN OF WAR.

Tune—Poll and my partner Joe.

I AM a jolly hardy tar,
 Long time I've plough'd the ocean,
 Where rocks arise
 That reach the skies,
 Yet never gain'd promotion :
 Whene'er the boatswain pip'd all hands,
 So chearful I obey'd,
 At sea, the service, such commands,
 Then, messmates, who's afraid ?

With grog and flip,
 We sing and skip,
 So fares the careless tar ;
 On Saturday night we drink success,
 To smiling Kate, and lovely Bess,
 On board of a man of war.

Oh how I grieve to leave the shore,
 Sweet Kate, my heart's dear treasure ;
 But what's her charms,
 To war's alarms ?
 I serve my King with pleasure :
 For when the winds blow high, blow low,
 And thund'ring cannons roar,
 Tho' Britons like we've beat the foe,
 All scenes of danger's o'er :
 With grog and flip,
 We sing and skip,
 So fares each careless tar :
 On Saturday night we drink success,
 To smiling Kate and lovely Bess,
 On board of a man of war.

None can their duty better do,
 I furl the courses cheerly ;
 Or man the yards,
 No breeze regards,
 Tho' lubbers do it queerly :
 Reef top-sails, brail the mizen up,
 Or let the main-sheet fly ;
 Bear up the helm a-weather, lads,
 Yo yea all hands we cry :

With grog and flip,
We sing and skip,
So fares each careless tar ;
On Saturday night we drink success,
To smiling Kate and lovely Bess,
On board of a man of war.

C H O R U S.

Sung in the Mysteries of the Castle.

GAILY tripping to and fro,
We village maids to market go;
And with jest and jocund lay,
Oft' beguile the tedious way:
Nor stop to make our purpose known,
Till we have reach'd the destin'd town.

S O L O.

Then with smiles, and curtsy meet,
Welcome customers we greet ;
And, our pittance to improve,
Barter ev'ry thing but love.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Feign'd affections—purchas'd arts,
Ill accord with virgins' hearts:
There our innocence we prove,
Bartering love alone for love.

SONG.

S O N G.

AH LACK AND AH WELL-A-DAY.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

IN the cup of female life
Pleasure swims precarious:
Ah! well-a-day:
Ev'ry draught, to maid or wife,
Flows with sorrows various:
Ah! lack-a-day.

Fear our infant peace destroys,
Cold restraint our youth annoys;
Falsehood poisons riper joys:
So the cup of female life
Bitter is to maid or wife.
Ah! lack, and ah! well-a-day.

S O N G.

FAIR ELLEN.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

FAIR Ellen was a gentle maid,
Whose breast no care could move,
Till Edwy false, her truth betray'd,
And sought another love:
Then crown'd her head with willow,
With drooping weeping willow.

In vain on Edwy would she call,
 His cruel heart to move ;
 For he is gone from bower to hall,
 To seek another love :
 Then crown her head, &c.

Another maid may be more fair,
 Yet not so constant prove :
 Her heart, a prey to keen despair,
 Will own no other love :
 Then crown her head, &c.

S O N G.

THE POACHER..

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

IN poaching all mankind delights,
 Late and early prizing dearly ;
 Ev'ry scheme by day and night,
 To wire-draw one another :
 Friends to trap the wit will try,
 He tips the wink, and cocks his eye,
 And while he looks so wond'rous sly,
 Makes game e'en of his brother—
 Smoke the joke,
 What fool so dull,

Always

Always grinning,
 Mouthing, chinning,
 Let us quiz
 His ugly phiz,
 Giggling whilst he's grinning.

See Miss and Madam, by their snares,
 Pointed faces, studied graces,
 All for catching unawares,
 Flights of gamefome lovers:
 Madam plays the harfichols,
 And squalls affected rigmarols,
 While Miss in dancing reels and rolls,
 New steps for leers discovers—
 Head and tail
 Along she'll sail,
 Down the middle
 Turn and fiddle,
 With a stitch
 And capering hitch,
 To the true Scotch fiddle.

S O N G.

GOOD-HUMOUR'S THE CHAIN.

Sung in Jack of Newbury.

WHEN a man is determin'd on taking a wife,
 'Tis time to be nice,
 His quiet's the price;
 The odds are against him—he's wretched for life:

I can point out the charm,
 To remove every harm,
 So attend all ye bachelors taking a wife:
 'Tis not the face, 'tis not the air,
 'Tis not the grace, tho' debonair;
 'Tis not the glance, or brilliant eye;
 'Tis not the dance, or tender sigh:
 Nor hand, nor shape, nor leg, nor air,
 Nor mouth, nor teeth, nor skin, tho' fair,
 Without a mind, tho' all in one,
 I'd value not a feather;
 Good humour is the chain alone,
 That links them altogether.

Then fix not alone on a beautiful face,
 For what could you do
 With a fair little shrew,
 Whose tongue with your patience would never keep
 pace?
 You ne'er could new mould her,
 For worse when she's older,
 You'd in vain seek the mind in a beautiful face.
 'Tis not the face, &c.

D U E T,

Sung by Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Martyr.

STILL blest lovers, in your sight,
 May unclouded prospects lie;
 And the wings of sweet delight,
 Aid the moments as they fly;

Whilst on every balmy gale,
Music's softest notes prevail.

Health, fair offspring of the sky,
Guard the bloom of beauty's cheek ;
Let fond admiration's eye
There alone for transports seek :
Ever near her steps be seen,
Radiant pleasures, joys serene.

S O N G.

IN ALL THE NATIONS ROUND US.

Sung by Mr. Dighton.

I N all the nations round us,
What wisdom can compare,
With their's who ne'er let indolence
Usurp the place of care :
Let foes attack in open war,
Or friends more sily deal,
An active mind can ill remove,
Or lighten those we feel :

C H O R U S.

Then let it be told to the nations around,
That blessings unnumber'd to England belong ;
Where the arts and the sciences smiling are found,
And the muses attend them with dance and with song
The

The man of trade, the man of war,
 To distant nations roam;
 Yet round the globe make this their boast,
 That England is their home:
 And while within this happy land,
 Shall justice hold her seat,
 The friendly stranger here will find
 His last and best retreat.

That Englishmen are worth remark,
 Must all the world allow:
 Nay, trust me for one truth at last—
 I'm no Munchausen know—
 They laugh and cry, and work and play,
 Fight, kiss, and beat their wives,
 And, tho' they grumble every day,
 They're happy all their lives.

S O N G.

THE WAITER.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of people
 dine,
 And the very best of eatables they cater,
 Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine
 I attend as a merry merry waiter:
 Then a tablecloth can spread,
 And decant my white and red;

Manage

Manage matters to a carm,
 With my napkin under arm,
 Can a skin-flint, or jolly fellow, tell ;
 Know whether they'll come down
 A tizzy, or a crown,
 So I treat them as I find them, ill or well :
 And when noisy, roaring, drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming.

Going in, Madam—Coming up, Sir—D—n the bells,
 they're all ringing at once—Coming, coming.

In their very merry meetings I always like to share,
 Whole bottles sometimes broke, why then I snack it ;
 In that I'm quite at home, so I travels you know where,
 Sally Chambermaid and I sily crack it :
 She a little fortune's made
 Just by making warm a bed,
 So I think it not amiss,
 Now and then to snatch a kifs,
 For you know I likes Sally very well ;
 So hobnobbing as we chat,
 Looking loving and all that,
 In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal :
 Mistrefs, maids, all bawling, drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming, coming.

John, Devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the
 Angel ; Tom take care of No. 21, I shall take care
 of No. 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article we'd not
 Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling,
 A plover was serv'd up, the ge'man swore no bill 't had
 got,
 Says I swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in ;
 Thus I joke and gaily talk,
 While poor Master jokes with chalk;
 And will jingling glasses drink,
 While I jingle in the chink :
 Cod he breaks and I buy in who can tell ;
 Sally mistress then is made,
 Up to ev'ry servant's trade,
 We are certain sure, your honors, to do well :
 Brisk and busy, no hum-drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries, coming, coming :

James take care of No. 4, and see that Sam Cel-
 larman sends up prick'd bottles ; they're a shabby
 set, and we may never see them again. Mrs.
 Napkin, shew my Lord to the Star and Garter, and
 Lawyer Lattitat to the devil—He going there him-
 self, Sir, he knows the way very well.

S O N G.

THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
 Each softer joy and ease ;
 To distant climes he loves to roam,
 Nor dreads the boisterous seas :

His

His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
 Scorns from the foe to run;
 In battle terrors melt away,
 As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world,
 Britannia's flag would lower;
 Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
 And dare their haughty pow'r:
 But see Bellona sheathes her sword,
 Hush'd is the angry main;
 The cannon's roar no more is heard,
 Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He hastens to his native shore,
 Where dwells sweet joy and rest;
 His lovely Susan's smiles implore.
 To crown and make him blest:
 Now all the toils and dangers past,
 And Susan's love remains,
 The honest tar is blest at last,
 Her smiles reward his pains.

S O N G.

POOR WILL.

I'M a brisk jolly tar, and just going to sea,
 And my vessel's tight rigg'd for the main;
 As Britons, I'm told, should always be free,
 Your freedom I'll strive to maintain:

Let

Let your beaux and your belles, if they will, scoff and
 sneer,
 And laugh at the ills I endure,
 I'm a foe to deceit, and a stranger to fear,
 And I'm honest altho' I am poor :
 If my cup of existence should be dashed with gall,
 Yet contented my station I fill ;
 For I know there's a providence rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

When Bet heard the news she hung down her head,
 But I gave her a hearty good smack ;
 Says I, my dear girl, you have nothing to dread,
 With honor I hope to come back ;
 Come, dry up your tears, for a moment attend,
 My departure you must not oppose ;
 I'm a sailor, you know, and I'm bound to defend
 Old England, and humble its foes :
 Then have done with your whimpering, your spirits
 recall,
 I have lov'd you, and so I do still ;
 And you know there's a providence rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

We're to hardships expos'd, but that we don't mind,
 When all night we are in the round top ;
 The sea sometimes rough, and weather unkind,
 Cold, benumb'd, I am ready to drop :
 When the lightning does flash, and the thunder does
 roll,
 When the wave dashes us to and fro',
 When Poor Jack heaves a sigh for his favorite Poll,
 Then no fear and no terror I know :

Should

Should dangers assail us, or tempests befall,
 With water a leak the ship fill,
 I know there's a Providence rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

The French we will drub if they dare to come nigh,
 For their insolence we'll make them pay ;
 As they've taught us to dance, we'll learn them to fly,
 And be glad to get out of our way :
 Tho' I oft times have fought in my country's defence,
 No promotion I'm likely to gain,
 ' There's no vacancy yet,' that's always the pretence,
 So a common man still I remain :
 But if stretch'd on the deck by the stroke of a ball,
 With pleasure my blood I will spill,
 And that Providence trust which reigns over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

If storms and if perils I chance to survive,
 And my voyage is crown'd with success,
 Our enemies vanquish'd, I come home alive,
 Then how happy I'll be with my Eels !
 If I fail, well and good there's an end of poor me,
 Tho' I've heard, if I right understand,
 The great ruling power protects us at sea,
 All the same as if we we're on land :
 Farewell then, I fly at my country's call,
 In its service I'll use all my skill,
 For I know there's a Providence rules over all
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

SONG.

S O N G.*

I NEVER LOV'D ANY DEAR MARY BUT YOU.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOU say, my dear girl, that I'm given to rove,
And sport with each lass on the green ;
That I join in the dance, and sing sonnets of love,
And still with the fairest I'm seen :
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Among the green meadows so blithe and so merry,
With black, fair, and brown, I have frolick'd tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song,
My mind will still wander to you ;
Not to Phillis, or Nancy my raptures belong,
To you, and you only, they're due :
With my hey derry down, &c.

In these eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,
But, alas ! 'tis the language of love ;
My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,
Then learn it, all doubts to remove :
With my hey derry down, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

REMEMBER JACK.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

WHEN scarce a handspike high,
Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do, but I
Pikes me off to sea:
Says I to sweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and sing tol lol de rol,
If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortune smooth and rough,
The wind would chop and veer;
'Till hard knocks I'd nap'd enough,
On board a privateer:
Propt with a wooden peg,
Poll I thought would bid me pack,
So was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
And 'twas, pray remember Jack.

I ax't, as folk hove by,
And shew'd my wooden pin;
Young girls would sometimes figh,
And gaping lubbers grin:

E

In

In vain I'd often bawl,
 My hopes were ta'en a-back,
 And my share of coppers small,
 So, pray remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,
 And togs all tatter'd grown,
 I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
 Well rigg'd, a bearing down :
 'Twas Poll—she look'd so spruce,
 What thus, said she, come back?
 My tongue forgot its use,
 And, pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,
 She'd shiners sav'd a few ;
 Soon I became her mate,
 Wa'n't Poll a sweetheart true?
 Then a friend I'd serv'd before,
 From a long voyage trips back,
 Shar'd with I his gold galore,
 For he well remember'd Jack.

So what tho' I lost my leg,
 It seem'd my fortune to mend,
 And was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
 I gain'd a wife and friend :
 Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
 My shipmate just come back :
 Then laugh and sing tol lol de rol,
 And pray remember Jack.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove,
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love:
By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd,
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh,
In them was giv'n, tho' gold was spar'd,
What gold can never buy:
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means may prove,
That from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

S O N G.*

SYMPATHY.

FOR tenderness framed in life's early day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way;
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And 'ere words were my own I spoke in a sigh.

E 2

The

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion still rest in a glow,
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know :
 Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

S O N G.*

ZEPHYR AND THE ROSE.

WHEN zephyr, who sighs for the lover's soft bliss,
 Salutes by surprise the coy rose,
 Averting her head she declines his fond bliss,
 Her beautiful lips strive to close :
 Tho' all mildness the youth of such fragrance possess'd,
 Transported he feeds on her breath,
 Nor, thoughtless, reflects, while he feels himself blest,
 To her who thus blesses 'tis death.

Now closer he presses—unable to speak,
 What must the dear innocent feel?
 Alarm him, ye dew-drops that roll down each cheek,
 Her anguish entreat him to heal :
 Ah! bid him beware lest a moment of joy,
 Or joy, spite of honor obtain'd,
 The peace of two minds in a moment destroy,
 That peace which can ne'er be regain'd.

The

The rogue hears sage prudence, not seeming to hear,
 And feels, tho' not seeming to feel;
 His lips check the course of each delicate tear,
 Then labour her anguish to heal:
 The breath just exhausted by one stolen kiss,
 A thousand chaste kisses restore:
 And crimson'd with blushes, her beauty and bliss,
 Grow perfect and lessen no more.

S O N G.

ABSENCE.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE meadows look'd chearful, the birds sweetly
 sing,
 So gaily they carol the praises of spring,
 Tho' nature rejoices poor Norah must mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah! hide your gay charms,
 Nor 'lure my dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms,
 Tho' faddins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

S O N G ‡

INDEED, YOUNG MAN, I MUST DENY.

Sung by Miss Milne.

WHEN first young Harry told his tale,
I smild and turn'd the deafen'd ear;
Or if he met me in the vale,
I laugh'd his doleful sigh to hear.
I danc'd and sung as if for life,
Nor thought he meant me for his wife;
And when he woo'd I us'd to cry,
Indeed, young man, I must deny:
Indeed, young man, I must deny;
I must deny, I must deny, I must deny,
Indeed, young man, I must deny.

One day, upon the village green,
To dance the lads and lasses met;
In ev'ry face gay mirth was seen,
Yet Harry seem'd to pine and fret:
He look'd and sigh'd, yet fear'd to speak,
As if his heart was like to break,
He ask'd a kiss, I cried O fie,
Indeed, young man, I must deny.

He pull'd my sleeve, I turn'd my head,
As if I was inclin'd to stay,
While blushes on my cheeks were spread,
Which he observing kiss'd away:

To yonder church let's go, he cried,
 And there be made my charming bride,
 I thought 'twas folly to be shy,
 And own'd I could no more deny.

S O N G.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

FOR England, when, with a fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd:
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep nine.

And bearing up, to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true:
 While oft' the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the mark seven.

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof:

The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less five.

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
We take in sail—she feels the tide,
“Stand clear the cable,” is the cry,
“The anchor’s gone,” we safely ride.
The watch is set, and thro’ the night,
We hear the seaman with delight
Proclaim,—“all’s well.”

S O N G.

THERE THE MOON-SILVER'D WATERS ROAM.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

THERE the moon-silver'd waters roam,
And wanton o'er the unsteady sand,
Spangling with their starry foam
The tow'ring cliff that guards the land.

There the screaming sea-bird flits,
Dips in the wave his dusky form;
Or on the rocking turret sits,
Th' exulting Dæmon of the storm.

There, as village legends tell,
Many a shipwreck'd seaman's ghost
Listens to the distant knell,
When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE VALIANT TAR.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

SCARCELY had the blushing morning,
Woo'd the waves with tender light,
When, the bright'ning plain adorning,
A distant vessel rose in sight.

Aloft, the crowding sailors viewing,
Her misty sails with straining eye;
In fancy now the foe subduing,
A prize! a prize! exulting cry.

The boatswain's whistle loud and shrill,
Shames the tardy sleeping wind,
In vain our chase-gun fires—for still
She crowds her sail—we're left behind.

At length the breeze affords assistance,
• Right afore the wind's our course;
We clear our decks—the threats resistance,
And proudly boasts superior force.

Amid her thunder boldly steering,
Our batter'd ship almost a wreck;
With steady courage persevering,
They board—they storm her gory deck.

Her wounded Captain—life disdaining,
Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew,
Casts a last look on those remaining,
Then strikes to save the valiant crew.

S O N G.

HEIGHO.

Sung by Mr. R. Palmer.

TO arms, to arms, when captains cry,
With a heigho, the trumpets blow,
To legs, to legs, brave boys, says I,
Heigho, I needs must go.

When arrows swift begin to fly,
Heigho, twang goes the bow;
And soldiers tumble down and die,
Heigho, I'll not do so.

Whizzing go balls of lead,
Heigho, thump they go;
Tall men grow shorter by the head,
Heigho, I'd rather grow.

In time of trouble I'm away,
Heigho, ill winds they blow,
But always ready at pay day,
Heigho, great folks do so.

SONG.

S O N G.

I AM THE BOY IN A BATTLE.

Sung by Mr. R. Palmer.

HAST e'er seen a hen on hot griddle?
Has Jack Lantern e'er play'd tricks with thee?
Didst e'er see a cat and a fiddle?

Then pray judge in a battle of me:
For I am the boy in a battle,

That yet never one moment stood still,
Whilst shrill trumpets blow, or drums rattle,

It's in quick running I shew my skill:
For when whizzing by come the bullets,
And foldiers lie down and are dead,
And broad swords have slit up their gullets,
Its high time to take care of my head.

C H O R U S.

Yet still I am the boy in a battle,
Am missing when danger is nigh,
At running I beat all their cattle,
And my pay to receive I can fly.

Shot off were your arms in the hurry,
(Though it certainly makes you more light)
You'll find yourself in such a hurry,
That no hand you can have in the fight:

Blown off were your legs from their stations,
 (In dread war's direful chance sure they might)
 Not all the great wisdom of nations
 On a footing can put you to fight:
 To lose a man's head in a battle,
 Out of countenance puts him quite:
 Hears neith'r fives squeak, nor drums rattle,
 His nose he can't shew in the fight.
 Therefore I'm the boy, &c.

A fool's advice take in a battle,
 And your heels use when danger's at hand,
 Or when arrows fly, and drums rattle,
 You may then have no heels on to stand:
 And when you'll lie down in the battle,
 Your enemies laugh at the joke,
 Depriv'd of the pleasure to prattle,
 And quite lost in a torrent of smoke:
 Then glory comes in with her laurel,
 And shadows your poor bleeding head,
 Tho' life you have lost in the quarrel,
 Your fame will live after you're dead.

C H O R U S.

Then what should I do in a battle,
 Nay, 'twere best dwell in safety like thee—
 Nor wait till fame's trump sounds her rattle,
 No such grinning honor for me.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE POACHER.

Sung by Mrs. Esten.

AH! cruel Sir Thomas, to abandon your promise,
And leave Rosa, poor girl, to lament,
But take honor and gold, and your favor with hold,
You cannot take health and content :
While my dogs at the dawn,
Brush the dew from the lawn,
Sniff the scent of the game,
And our spirits inflame,
Through thickets or stubbles
Their courage redoubles,
Then checking their speed,
Heh, Basto, take heed,
Oh, Sir Thomas Roundhead,
Pop, your game it is dead.

I can hit well my man, and a lover trepan,
Yet Amazon like I will be,
As sure as a gun, from each suitor I'll run,
But the hero who overcomes me.
While my dogs, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

HER lovely eye of heav'nly blue,
A mild intelligence conveys;
Her sweet lip wears the rose's hue,
A charm o'er every feature plays:
Light are her locks, and unconfin'd,
In varying forms they kiss the wind.

The matchless beauties thus possess,
From soft refinement seem'd more bright;
As jewels with a polish dress'd,
Emit a purer glow of light:
And ev'ry grace which round her shone,
Reveal'd her kindred to the throne.

S O N G.

WHEN MIRTH AN INFANT SLEEPING LAY.

Sung by Mr. Bowden, in Windsor Castle.

WHEN mirth an infant sleeping lay,
To shield him from the scorching day;
A vine-branch o'er his face was flung,
With many a rip'ning cluster hung,
Rich with the Nectar bright;
The nectar which the heav'ns distil,
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,
And give the heart delight.

The

The emerald fruit, from summer beam,
 Soon caught the ruby's brilliant gleam :
 Some bunches fell near mirth's full lip,
 These—these he press'd – and learnt to sip—
 To sip the Nectar bright ;
 The Nectar, &c.

From year to year he quaff'd the tide,
 And tho' of strength the woods to stride,
 He to his vine-tough arbour clung,
 And swore he'd be for ever young :
 To drink the nectar bright ;
 The Nectar, &c.

D U E T.

THE BLUSH ON HER CHEEK.

Sung by Mess. Incledon and Bowden.

THE blush on her cheek was by modesty dress'd,
 And her eyes beam'd the virtues that dwell in
 her breast ;
 May those eyes, and that bosom, unruffled by care ;
 Be unclouded by sorrow, unruffled by care :
 Or if a tear start, or a sigh gently move,
 May the tear be of rapture, the sigh be of love.

SONG.

S O N G.

NOT TO THE VICTORIES OF A YEAR.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

NOT to the victories of a year,
Does this proud country owe her name;
Nor will the failure of a day,
Abate the lustre of her fame:
Albion, fair star, in glory's sky most bright,
May never cloud obscure thy silver light.

The checks of war but serve to give,
To English spirits bolder spring;
As eagles in the adverse gale,
Hold on their course with stronger wing:
Albion, fair star, in glory's sky most bright,
May never cloud obscure thy silver light.

S O N G.

SINCE THE PREFERENCE WE KNOW,

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

SINCE the preference, we know,
Is for pageantry and show,
'Twere a pity the public to balk;
And when people appear
Quite unable to hear,
'Tis undoubtedly needless to talk:

Let

Let your Shakespeares and Johnsons go hang, go hang,
 Let your Otways and Drydens go drown!
 Give us but Elephants, and white bulls enough,
 And we'll take in all the town,
 Brave boys!

Or if, tardily, the sound
 Travels all the house around,
 'Twixt the action and words there's a breach:
 And it seems as if Macbeth,
 Half a minute after death,
 On his back, made his last dying speech, &c.
 Let your Shakespeares, &c.

When, on matters of state,
 Stage heroes debate,
 Intelligence so slowly is got,
 'Twere better they began,
 On the new-invented plan,
 And with telegraphs transfitted you the plots.
 Let your Shakespeares, &c.

But our house here's so small,
 That there's no need to bawl,
 And the summer will rapidly pass;
 So we hope you'll think fit,
 To hear the actors a bit,
 'Till the elephants and bulls come from grafs:
 Then let Shakespeare and Johnson go hang, go hang,
 Let your Otways and Drydens go drown:
 Give 'em but elephants and white bulls enough,
 And they'll take in half the town.

SONG.

S O N G.

IN SECLUSION'S SACRED BOWER.

Sung by Miss Leah.

IN seclusion's sacred bower,
Meek regret, with soften'd sigh,
Will enjoy her pensive hour,
Fearing no intruder nigh.

So sweet bird, thy lonely sorrow
In the ivy'd turret's height
Pines in secret, 'till the morrow
To the shades directs thy flight.

Smiling hope my soul illumine,
Transports thou alone can'st give,
Dissipate a dungeon's gloom,
Bid the child of sadness live.

S O N G.

Sung by Master Welch.

AT evening, when my work is done,
And the breeze at setting sun
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide,

Unheard,

Unheard, unseen, my holy oar,
 Steals along the shaded shore :
 All is dark, and all is mute,
 Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
 Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
 Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey-wall I steer,
 There the coral hymn I hear ;
 While the organ's lengthened note,
 Seems in distant woods to float :
 Returning then, my silent oar
 Steals along the shaded shore :
 All is dark, &c.

S O N G.

SINGLE I WILL NEVER BE.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

SILLY maid,
 Be not afraid,
 For joy will soon await you ;
 Hope repeats,
 What bosom beats,
 No vision now shall cheat you :
 Time has wings, and soon will flee,
 Single I will never be.

Why

Why should time
When in my prime
With slow pace detain me?
Why be coy
When bridal joy
Strives to entertain me?
Time has wings and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.

S O N G.

DOWN THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN'S STEEP.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

DOWN the rugged mountain's steep,
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Rushing with resistless force,
To the Derwent's gentler course:
Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Danger now awaits the wave,
Which the rash alone would brave:
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Down the rugged mountain's steep:
Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer tide.

SONG

D U E T,

Sung by Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Bland.

AS the compass true, believe me,
Is this honest heart of oak:
If thy Nelly ever grieve thee,
Never faithful woman spoke:
By those eyes, my planets, steering,
Thou the pilot, safe we go;
Never from affection veering,
Briskly may the breezes blow:
Now for life's uncertain weather,
Tight, and trim, and fond, and free,
Safely in one bark together,
With fair wind we'll put to sea.

S O N G.

SAY ALL YOU KNOW AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

IF woman is curious sure nature's to blame,
The sex, high and low, in this point are the same;
And what at our birth we inherit from her,
Is her own blessed gift, and no crime I aver:
So if kept from our view
Any good thing or new,

What

What wonder we pout,
 And would fain find it out?
 Then how to please woman I'll tell you the plan,
 Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pother,
 Of wonders, and dangers, of this, that, and t'other ;
 What a trouble, heav'n blest us, they'd save to their
 lives,

If they would but consult in most matters their wives:

'Tis strange they don't try it,

We are always so quiet,

Never wish for the rule,

Only prudent and cool:

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
 Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

S O N G.

Sung by Master Welsh.

THRO' forests drear I once did stray,
 Where every songster us'd to say,
 'O loiter here 'tis nature's spring,
 'Thy carol sweet dear minstrel sing.'

'Sweet birds, I cry'd, could I, like you,
 'Ascend the face of heav'n to view ;
 'Like you I'd welcome nature's spring,
 'My carol sweet for ever sing.'

S O N G.

IN THE LOW WINDING VALE.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

IN the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream
Where the convent of Nicholas stood:
The vineyard invites the sun's ripening beam,
And, believe me, the produce is good:
How the monks, in their day,
Must have swigg'd it away,
O they'd let not a cluster escape;
'Till their cheeks I suppose,
In an afternoon's doze,
Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The mouldering walls are conceal'd by the fruit,
And the liquor you'll say is divine,
Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,
Our cups overflow with the wine.
How the monks in their day, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

OH! young affection's plowing train,
By mutual fond endearment won;
At Hymen's altar claim the chain
That twines two willing hearts in one!

Have

Have ye not seen in Flora's bow'r
Two roses on one stem respire?
So form'd by passion's blending power,
Two hearts are thron'd on one desire.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE SPIRITS.

By Captain Morris.

THUS we sport so merrily,
The song, the toast, the catch, the glee;
And with bumpers here define,
The joys of women, love, and wine;
Ever jolly, ever gay,
Life we know's a summer's day.

Laughing we can banish care,
Sons of Bacchus ne'er despair;
And, while our fleeting moments roll,
They center in the spark'ling bowl:
Then fill me up the other glass—
Thus thro' life we Bacchants pass.

SONG.

He came—her cheek averted,
 For whiteness mock'd the snow;
 He started, nor could greet her,
 His whole frame trembled so:
 She turn'd, and shrunk with terror,
 As from his glance she stole;
 And such a look she gave him,
 That harrow'd up the soul.

But stretch'd her hand, so clay cold,
 As if to say, forgive;
 Since you are kind and tender,
 I now could wish to live:
 Then rising from her pillow,
 With anxious fondness cry'd,
 'And do you love your Nancy?'
 'Indeed!'—She smil'd and dy'd.

S O N G.†

GO, GENTLE ZEPHYR.

GO, gentle zephyr, go,
 And shouldst thou meet the mistress of my heart,
 Tell her thou art a sigh sincere,
 But never say whose sigh thou art:
 Flow, limpid rivulet, flow,
 And should thy murmur'ing waters near her glide,
 Tell her thou'rt swell'd by many a tear,
 But not whose eyes those tears supply'd.

F e

SONG.



S O N G.†

THE GENTLE SWAN.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be,
But not so sweet blithe Cupid knows
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendant nest she view'd,
That held her feather'd young;
Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood must be;
They're not so dear the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brows surround,
Were natives of the dale,
Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound,
Before the hue grew pale:

My

The devious path our steps shall bring
 To yonder happy grove,
 Where nightingales delighted sing,
 And zephyrs whisper love.

With sweetest flow'rs a wreath I'll twine,
 To twine that modest brow of thine;
 My love shall banish ev'ry fear,
 And crown thee goddess of the year.

S O N G.

THE MAID OF SELMA.

IN the hall I lay in night,
 Mine eyes half closed with sleep,
 Soft music come to mine ear;
 It was the maid of Selma,
 Her breast was white as the bosom of a swan,
 Trembling on swift rolling waves,
 She rais'd the nightly song,
 For she knew that my soul was a stream
 That flow'd at pleasant sound,
 Mix'd with the harp arose her voice,
 She came on my troubled soul like a beam
 To the dark heaving ocean when it bursts from a cloud
 And brightens the foamy side of a wave;
 'Twas like the mem'ry of joys that are past,
 Pleasing and mournful to the soul.

SONG.

S O N G.*

WHEN THOU ART ABSENT, CHARMING MAID.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

WHEN thou art absent, charming maid,
In vain the sky larks sing ;
Or woodbines weave the vernal shade,
Or Flora paints the spring:
But when you range the daisy'd field,
Or in the garden rove,
Increas'd perfume the blossoms yield,
And seem to court your love.

Sharp are the pangs of wan despair,
By which my breast is torn,
While rob'd of thee, my lovely fair,
More sweet than May-day morn:
Then haste, dear tenant of my heart,
Nor let my soul repine;
O fly to heal thy lover's smart,
Dear charming valentine.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY TAR.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

COME, come, jolly boys that failors be,
Who oft' have plough'd the dang'rous sea,
And when you hear the whistling wind,
Still think of her you left behind :
Still let her blessed image near,
Preserve your faithful heart from fear,
And to your breast the tablet keep,
'Thro' all the dangers of the deep.

Come, come, jolly boys, who failors be,
Who are so happy and so free?
The luckless landsmen's quiet mind,
By home, or wife, is oft' confin'd :
Whilst we thro' dreaded thunders roll,
That know no pow'r to shake our soul,
O'er distant scenes in triumph hurl'd,
Still feel no limits but the world.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

Sung by Mrs. Leaver.

IN poverty's garb tho' 'tis true I'm array'd,
Yet jocund with me pass the hours;
Contentment is mine, tho' a poor rustic maid,
I cheerful cry who'll buy sweet flow'rs?
These roses shall give girls a warning,
That those beauties those dimples they prize,
Which they take so much pains in adorning,
Soon like the rose withers and dies:
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,
Come purchase, I pray ye, a wreath of sweet flow'rs.

When spring doth the face of all nature inspire,
And gladdens the earth with its show'rs;
When cold hoary frost from the meadows retire,
Then I cheerful cry who'll buy sweet flow'rs:
Then, ladies, I pray take a warning,
'Tis not beauty alone you should prize;
For, though fresh and blooming this morning,
Alas! on the morrow it withers and dies:
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,
Come purchase, I pray ye, a wreath of sweet flow'rs.

SONG.

S O N G.

ASKS DEAREST JANE.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

ASKS dearest Jane what potent spell
Can calm the breast where love would dwell?
Bid her divest her elegant mind,
Of taste all perfect, sense refin'd;
Of fancy, which, in many a feat,
Decks what already seems compleat:
O bid her do all this, and prove,
If yet her swain can cease to love.

Not while the melody of song,
Wafts light the dulcet notes along;
Not while her eye to my fond heart,
Can speech more eloquent impart:
Not while her lips with softer skill,
Breathes out superior music still;
O cease to speak, to look, to move,
And then your swain may cease to love.

S O N G.*

THE WANDERING LAMB.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

AN anxious mother search'd in vain,
To find her darling infant lamb,
Which playful stray'd from off the plain,
So lost its way, so lost its dam:
The bleating mother's rending cries,
Soon reach'd the passing trav'ler's ear,
Each bleating sound was fill'd with sighs,
Affection dropt sweet nature's tear.

Hard cruel fate! most sad to tell,
The snow fell fast, the cold severe,
When, near a dismal dreary dell,
The little wand'rer perish'd there!
There on a bank of feather'd snow,
The hapless victim sunk to rest;
Death kindly gave a gentle blow,
And fill'd with care the mother's breast.

SONG!

S O N G.

THE PRESS-GANG FORC'D MY LOVE TO GO.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

ON Tay's sweet banks the lintwhite flings so cheerily
Sweetly blooms the violet and gowan in the
grove,

The lambs on the meads they sport and play so merrily,
And each shepherd here at e'en is fain to meet his
love:

'Twas here my Sandy first I knew,
'Twas here into his arms I flew,
The youth was comely kind and true,
Ah me! one luckless day,
The press-gang forc'd my love to go,
To fight against my country's foe,
And left me here quite sunk in woe,
For Sandy far away.

On Tay's sweet banks they tore my laddie from me,
O fair did I weep when Sandy cry'd adieu;
In vain the shepherds try to heap their favors on me,
In vain the lasses seek sweet flow'rs to bask my
bonnie brow:

But should the youth return again,
'Twould ease my aching heart frae pain,
Then pleas'd I'd listen to his strain
A' the live long day:
My blessing aye attend my love,
Make him your care ye pow'rs above,
For weel I ken he'll constant prove,
My Sandy far away.

G 2

SONG.

S O N G. §

THE JEW.

I AM a Jew of Duke's-Place fame;
 Old cloaths and skins I deals in;
 To cheat the christians is my aim,
 For cheating is not stealing:
 Thro' ev'ry street about the town,
 My voice is known full well,
 For I each day walk up and down,
 And cry old cloaths to sell.

Halloo, Smouch;—Who calls?—What will you give
 for these new fattin breeches, and two handsome
 coats? Let's look, why all the wool's off, and I can
 see you stole them, so I shall tell your master un-
 less you let me have them cheap. Well, what will
 you give for them, you rascal? No, not a rascal,
 I will give you five shillings for them.

'Tis thus I trick each roguish wag,
 For it is right you know,
 To make a penny of a rag,
 By crying Clo sell, Clo.

I buys the money counterfeit,
 Gives two-pence for a shilling,
 Quicksilver soon makes twelve of it,
 Just rubb'd around the milling;

At

At night, when all bad faces pass,
 No difference you can tell,
 I then gets rid of all my brags,
 And cries old cloaths to sell :

Any bad shilling, hare-skins or rabbit-skins, any phials
 or broken flint glass, a nice second-hand cloak,
 ma'am, very cheap, only fifteen shillings. O, 'tis
 too much, I will only give six shillings. Well,
 take it then ma'am.

I always asks a good high price,
 Tho' I abate, or so,
 I gets my cent. per cent. so nice,
 By crying Clo sell, Clo.

S O N G.

WHEN FIRST I SAW THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

WHEN first I saw the graceful move,
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art—then farewell rest.

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
 Tho' hopeless of a warm return,
 Yet kill me not with cold despair,
 But let me live and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And tho' you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

G 3

SONG.

S O N G.‡

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

Sung by Mr. Taylor.

FILL, fill the glass, to beauty charge,
And banish care from every breast;
In brisk champagne we'll quick discharge
A toast shall give the wine a zest;
With rapturous love the soul delight,
And make e'en misery smile,
The nation's ornament most bright,
The Fair of Britain's Isle.

The boasted beauties they surpass,
Of France, of Italy, of Spain;
More nobly rank'd in virtue's class,
The world's applause they justly gain:
Circassia's dames no more shall boast,
Their once all-conqu'ring smile,
Thro' kingdoms this the future toast —
The Fair of Britain's Isle.

Then join with me ye gen'rous youth,
Whose breasts with noble passion burn,
Plead with sincerity and truth,
Nor doubt you'll meet a just return:
Do you deserve, and they'll reward,
With fascinating smile:
Then love and honor ever guard,
The fair of Britain's Isle.

SONG.

S O N G. ‡

WE SHALL BE MARRIED TO-MORROW.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

YOUNG Will. of the green is the lad to my mind,
 For tho' he is apt to be teasing,
 Not a swain in the village, tho' gentle and kind,
 Talks of love in a manner so pleasing:
 Last night as I rov'd on the banks of the Dee,
 To be sure my fond lover must follow—
 He forc'd a fond kiss, and a promise from me,
 That we should be married to-morrow.

I fain would have answer'd indeed its too soon,
 But the lad was so fond and endearing,
 I could not refuse him so simple a boon,
 When all that he crav'd was a hearing:
 My hand he so press'd, that I could not say no,
 Or give the fond youth any sorrow,
 I heard him with patience determine it so,
 And we shall be married to-morrow.

In the morning the bells will merrily ring,
 My heart with the thought is delighted,
 Nor e'er will I envy a queen or a king,
 When I and my love are united:
 Our lives shall be spent without murmur or ill,
 Nor e'er know of trouble or sorrow,
 And then he shall kiss me as oft' as he will,
 For we shall be married to-morrow.

G ‡

SONG.

S O N G.‡

THEN I FLY TO MEET MY LOVE.

Sung by Master Welsh.

WHEN the bee, at eve, reposes,
On a bed of fragrant roses;
When the screech owl wings its flight,
At the wish'd approach of night:
When sweet Philomela's strains,
First salutes the darken'd plains;
Then I seek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love.

When the ploughman's homeward straying,
And the chirping cricket's playing;
When the hornet (fatal bee)
Tarries in the hollow tree;
When the bat, with beetle eyes,
Round the spiry turret flies;
Then I seek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love.

When the light of day's departing,
And her beams bright Luna's darting;
When the raven journies home,
And the heifer cease to roam:
When the merry pipe and tabor
Calls the rustic swain from labor,
Then I seek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love.

SONG.

 S O N G.†

THE YOUNG IRISH CAPTAIN.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

THREE lovers I boast that are handsome and smart
 And each in his turn has laid siege to my heart ;
 But when I give up to so bold a request,
 It must be to him that my fancy likes best :
 Now one is a fop that dotes on himself,
 And the other, tho' pleasing, is fond of his pelf,
 But he that's most loving, courageous, and free,
 Is the young Irish Captain, the husband for me.
 With a rub a dub, row de dow, rub a dub,
 Row de dow, O the dear creature.

My mother now, mind, intercedes for the fop,
 And my father for money at nothing will stop ;
 So one is for this, and the other for that,
 But neither my foldier will deign to look at :
 And this is the reason—his fortune is small,
 Or indeed, to speak plainer, he has none at all ;
 But so sweetly he pleads, and so loving is he,
 That the young Irish Captain's the husband for me.
 With his rub a dub, &c.

When he whisper'd, dear lad, t'other day in my ear,
 Let us haste to the church and get married my dear,
 O, he look'd in my face, and he so press'd my hand,
 That I could not his tender entreaties withstand :

For the bold son of Mars so well acted his part,
 That he forc'd me, I own, to surrender my heart,
 So now where he marches I'm likely to be,
 For the young Irish Captain's the husband for me.
 With his rub a dub, &c.

S O N G.

THE THRIFTY WIFE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

I AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man,
 And in this age of folly pursue a saving plan;
 Tho' wives are thought expensive, yet who can live
 alone?
 Then since they are dear creatures, 'tis best to have
 but one;
 My choice discovers clearly my prudence and my taste
 I've a very little wife, with a very little waist.

Marriage is a draught for better or for worse,
 And wife is he who can prevent the drafts upon his
 purse;
 But evils are much lessen'd, when wives are well in-
 clin'd,
 For tho' they come across us, they shape them to our
 mind;
 If matters are well manag'd, no need to be straight
 lac'd,
 You may with little danger increase the little waist.
Tho'

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,
 Some act by the delicate mind;
 Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,
 Already to sorrow consign'd!
 This delicate rose had I shaken it less
 Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile:
 Thus, the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.

S O N G.*

THE LAMP OF HOPE.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

THE lamp of hope, by rays of light,
 From thy dear eyes was fed, Mary;
 Sad hours are come, and shades of night,
 And even hope is fled, Mary:
 The sun to all the world but me,
 Will give another dawn Mary;
 My only light kind looks from thee,
 Forever they're withdrawn, Mary.

I love thee much, and for thy sake
 I ne'er will love again, Mary;
 If ever yet a heart did break,
 Thou'lt rent this heart in twain, Mary;
 In wild despair I'll fly to fame,
 And death for thee defy Mary;
 When I'm no more, thy true love's name
 May win from thee a sigh, Mary.

S O N G.*

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
 As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
 May boast that 'tis blest like a patriarch's tent,
 With all the kind gods can bestow:
 'Tis a station that yields me a spring of delight,
 Which lordlings may envy to see;
 And a King might behold it, and say, does this wight
 A blessing possess more than me.

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
 Where on mammon and pride I look down;
 While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of the mill
 I prefer to the clock of the town:
 Of my house I'm the sov'reign, my wife is my queen,
 And she rules while she seeks to obey;
 Thus the autumn of life like the spring-tide serene,
 Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lye down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
 Health, sprits, and vigour to share,
 For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
 Which the deeds of the day planted there:
 And tho' bigots each night, to elude heav'n's wrath,
 To their saints and their wooden gods pray;
 Superstition I court not for daggers of lath,
 In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,
 Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd,
 As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
 Who has no social impulse of mind :
 For my friend I've a board, a bottle and bed,
 And more welcome that friend if he's poor ;
 Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
 Tho' a stranger, be shut from my door.

No servant I stint, nor put key on my cock,
 To save a poor horn of small beer ;
 Nor buttery, nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,
 Shall proclaim that old gripe-all starves here :
 For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
 To keep thieves and robbers at bay :
 But domestic attachment my house shall defend,
 From free-booters by night and by day.

S O N G.

THE MUTUAL VOWS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE mutual vows fond lovers make,
 Whom harsh compulsion parts,
 Nor time nor absence e'er can shake,
 Or banish from their hearts :
 The sacred record of each name,
 Is faithfully preserv'd the same.

Tho'

Tho' waisted by each fickle wind,
 By storms and tempests caught,
 The tablet of each constant mind,
 Still with love's comments fraught,
 The sacred record of each name,
 Is faithfully preserv'd the same.

S O N G.

THE HUNTSMAN'S RHAPSODY.

Sung by Mr. Gray.

OF horses and hounds who scud swift o'er the plain,
 Praise has oft' wing'd its notes to the sky;
 While echoing horns have repeated the strain,
 And join'd in the huntsman's full cry:
 My voice I'll attune, then the chace grace my song,
 For nought can compare to its joys;
 O'er mountain, thro' valley we spank it along,
 Tantivy, tantivy, hark forward my boys.

'Tis exercise ever gives health its warm glow,
 And yields to refreshment a zest;
 How sweetly to friendship the bottle will flow,
 When return'd, plenty welcomes each guest.
 My voice, &c.

Our hounds truly train'd, are of excellent breed,
 Brother sportsmen I'm your's while I've breath;
 Our horses are ne'er to be equall'd in speed,
 And we always are in at the death.
 My voice, &c.

From

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter of old,
 Be permitted to view our domain,
 Our horses, our hounds, and our huntsmen so bold,
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.
 My voice, &c.

S O N G.*

AH! WELL-A-DAY.

IN life's delusive gilded morn,
 When reason just began to dawn,
 The first soft accents I must say,
 In those blest hours, 'were well-a-day!'
 The fading flow'r, the drowning fly,
 With pity's tear would fill my eye,
 Throw gloom across my sportive way,
 While soft I lisp'd, 'Ah! well-a-day.'

My little heart not long at ease,
 Soon felt Philander's pow'r to please;
 And love, amid the jocund lay,
 Would often prompt, 'Ah! well-a-day!'
 But false and faithless prov'd the swain,
 He left me for the love of gain:
 Alone and helpless now I stray,
 And sigh out life with 'well-a-day.'

SONG.

S O N G.

THE HEIRESS STOLE AWAY.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

WHO hunt after fortune attend,
And you who make beauty your game;
To me your attention pray lend,
I'm a heirefs of fortune and fame:
'An heirefs! hark forward!' they cry,
Pursu'd by the young and the old;
Over hedges and ditches they fly,
To come within view of the gold:
While I, like the poor timid hare,
When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
Start, double, and run without care,
'Stole away!' they all cry, 'stole away!'

An Irish young hunter gave chase,
O dear—but he'd make me his wife;
Or 'twould be, when dead, my sad case,
To lead little apes all my life:
'Ah heirefs! hark forward!' his cry,
No danger his love should dismay,
After breaking his neck, he would try
To hunt me to death his own way:
When I, like the poor timid hare,
When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
Start, double, and run without care,
'Stole away!' they all cry, 'stole away.'

But

But I've a young man in my eye,
 Not you, Sir, no, no, Sir, nor you;
 On him I may safely rely,
 He keeps me at all times in view:
 'An heiress! hark forward!' they cry
 Yet that had not power to charm;
 'Twas love, I'll not strive to deny,
 A love that was gen'rous and warm:
 I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,
 When she first hears the horn's distant lay,
 Start, double, and run without fear,
 'Stole away!' they all cry, 'stole away.'

S O N G.

A GLASS IS GOOD.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe is good in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people a e good,
 And we're all good fellows together:
 A bottle it is a very good thing,
 With a good deal of good wine in it,
 A song is good when a body can sing,
 And to finish we must begin it.
 A glass is good, &c.

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him;
 For a Justice, good the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you buy him:

A

A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
A rogue very good for good hanging;
A fool is good by the nose to be led,
My good song deserves a good banging.
For a glass is good, &c.

S O N G.

SWEET NYMPH THO' FAR REMOV'D.

SWEET nymph, tho' far remov'd, I start
At ev'ry wind that shakes the tree;
And tho' I bear a hopeless heart,
I sudden turn and think it thee.

To bid thine image not appear,
To lose thy smile in vain I try,
For love still lives in ev'ry tear,
And breathes thy name in ev'ry sigh.

Dear nymph, then hasten to our groves,
And happy make the rural plain,
For lo! with thee will come the loves,
And all the pleasures join thy train.

SONG.

S O N G.

TO THEE, OH! GENTLE SLEEP.

Sung in Tamerlane.

TO thee, Oh! gentle sleep alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud, or force,
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is blest.

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
The sadly weeping fair,
Conjures thee not to lose in day
The object of her care:

To grasp whose pleasing form she fought,
That motion chac'd her sleep:—
Thus, by ourselves are oft'nest wrought
The griefs for which we weep.

SONG.

S O N G.*

TANTIVY, MY BOYS, TANTIVY.

Sung by Mrs. Leaver.

YE dull sleeping mortals of ev'ry degree,
 Awake at the sound of my song;
 Ye sluggards arise and to hunting with me,
 Tantivy I'll lead you along,
 O'er mountains and vallies, o'er woodlands and dales,
 And forests impervious to fight,
 I'll lead, if my argument with you prevails,
 I'll leave you brave boys to delight,
 Tantivy, brave boys, &c.

Hygea I'm call'd by the fages of old,
 The goddess presiding o'er health;
 Then venture, like heroes, with me, and be bold,
 Tantivy you'll add to your wealth:
 For riches, believe me's, a bubble at best,
 If health should forget to attend;
 Then haste, my brave boys, in pursuit of the guest,
 And she will your wishes befriend.
 Tantivy, my boys, &c.

In courts or in cities its not to be found,
 Where folly has fix'd her retreat,
 But hasten with me o'er the green mantled ground,
 Tantivy tantivy repeat:
 The ruddy complexion that crimsones the face,
 The elegant glow on the cheek,
 Far sweeter than riches are found by the chace,
 And these are the pleasures we seek.
 Tantivy, my boys, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

ROSY WINE IS THE KEY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

ROSY wine is the key that will open the heart,
And the breast will be true, will be true that it
mellows ;

When drunk we despise all base falshood and art,
For in liquor, in liquor, we're all honest fellows :
Then quickly pass the gingling glass,
Ding dong, ding dong, 'till we are all mellow ;
Let every man do all he can,
To be an honest fellow.

The lawyer so grave for his client will plead,
And with unblushing front against equity bellows,
The key once apply'd, owns he doubly was feed ;
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
Then quickly pass, &c.

The lover who vows for his fair-one he dies,
When wine, rosy wine, his bosom once mellows,
Will own that her gold is more bright than her eyes —
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
Then quickly pass, &c.

Then if liquor can banish all art and deceit,
And the heart will be true that it mellows ;
Let us tofs off large bumpers whenever we meet,
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
Then quickly pass, &c.

H

SONG.

S O N G.*

AH! WELL-A-DAY POOR ANNA.

Sung by Master Walsb.

FAIR Anna lov'd a rustic boy,
 And William was the shepherd's name;
 In him was center'd all her joy,
 For her he glow'd with equal flame:
 His cruel father knew he lov'd,
 And forc'd him o'er the seas away;
 Alone and sad poor Anna rov'd,
 And thus sung out—ah! well-a-day:
 Ah! well-a-day, well a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
 Sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart, but
 do not break,
 Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not
 speak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,
 His gold the fordid mother won;
 The gentle Anna thus betray'd,
 Was forc'd to church and was undone:
 Returning back she met her love,
 'Ah! William, dear!' she fondly cry'd,
 'May you a happier fortune prove!'

She press'd his hand—she sigh'd, and dy'd.
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
 Gentle hearts, gentle hearts, gentle hearts too soon will
 break,
 Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not
 speak.

SONG.

S O N G.*

HAL, THE WOODMAN.

STAY, trav'ller, tarry here to night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
The moon has too withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.

'Tis seven long miles across the moor,
And should you chance to go astray,
You I meet, I fear, no friendly door,
Nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rather be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth, there take a place,
And 'till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robinhood and chevy chace
We'll sing—then to our palates hie.

S O N G.

SOFT IS THE ZEPHYR.

SOFT is the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy is the breath of spring,
When o'er the silent dewy vale
Its variegated sweets exhale ;
Stolen from the freshen'd flow'r,
Glist'ning with an ev'ning show'r ;
From the violet's nectar'd dew,
And the rose of purple hue.

S O N G.*

HEY DOWN DERRY.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
I've rang'd rare objects to discover ;
Seen pretty women in such legions,
I thought myself return'd to Dover :
 Brisk music made me gay,
 And lively all the way,
For no tune's dull that once was merry,
With him that loves the hey down derry.

The Spanish belle I've ferenaded,
And many a night with the sweet guitar,
Beneath the lattice grate paraded,
Now tinkle tinkle, then gargan lara :

'Twas

When year on year rolls o'er her head,
She still will please my fancy,
As when to church I fondly led,
My pretty little Nancy :
Then let us wed as love invites,
For this I've often told her,
'Tis love alone can give delight,
When we are both grown older.

S O N G.

THE TRUE HONEST HEART.

Sung by Mr. Taylor.

IN this chaos of new-fangled modes that we live,
My sentiments boldly and bravely I'll give,
I'll do unto mortals of ev'ry degree,
As I wish unto others their conduct should be ;
The best of all maxims, I think, for my part,
Is my grandmother's mode—a true honest heart.

My neighbour I love as myself, I protest,
If the same sort of friendship I find in his breast ;
I rev'rence the laws and our sov'reign respect,
He ne'er aims to subvert what he's bound to protect ;
May heaven protect him, and fight on his part,
For I firmly believe he's a true honest heart.

Now

Now fill up your glasses, let each quit his seat,
 Let your brows be uncovered, stand firm on your feet,
 Take your glasses in hand, place them right to your lip,
 On pain of a bumper, let none dare to sip,
 My sentiments known then you all may depart—
 May distress never find out the true honest heart.

S O N G.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Sung by Master Welsh.

O Listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove,
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
 The tuneful birds invite to rove,
 To softer joys let splendor yield,
 O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale,
 My Daphne let us fondly stray,
 Where whis'pring love breaths forth his tale,
 And shepherds sing their artless lay;
 O listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise;
 The happy swains all cheerful sing,
 And echo still repeats their joys:
 Then listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

S O N G.

HOW OFT' WHEN COOLING ZEPHYRS PLAY.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

HOW oft' when cooling zephyrs play,
On Loddon's fertile side,
I with my love have pass'd the day,
He ask'd me for his bride:
O, the tongue, the babbling tongue,
That did my heart betray —
He press'd, I blush'd, he wept, I sigh'd,
And look'd my heart away.

But men our easy love disdain,
And real blessings miss,
No longer pleas'd but while we feign,
To check the offer'd kiss:
O, the pang, the killing pang,
When slighted maids complain;
Should Edmund spurn his Jane and bliss,
'Twould rend my heart in twain.

SONG.

S O N G.

KATE OF DOVER.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ship,
Was tender hearted, bold, and true,
He'd work his way, or drink his flip,
With e'er a seaman in the crew:
Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had fail'd the world all over,
Had seen his messmates oft' laid low,
Yet would he figh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn when on the shore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave;
Says he, my love, your grief give over,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive:
Let fortune smile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,
And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When lo! a sail appear'd in view,
And Ned with many a tar was slain:
Thus death, who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover;
The tars oft' tell the tale of woe,
And heave a figh for Kate of Dover.

SONG.

S O N G.

NOTHING BUT SPITE.

THOU my mother and aunt will jeer and will taunt,
And say that my conduct's too free ;
They may censure and rail, yet they'll never prevail,
It has no effect upon me :
While time's on the wing I will laugh and will sing,
Youth's the season for mirth and delight ;
They have each had their day, have been merry and
gay,
So all that they say is mere spite.

Like the birds in the grove, who chirrup fond love,
And sweetly salute ev'ry ear ;
I will join in the lay, or like lambkins will play,
And with rapture each moment will cheer :
Young Colin he sues, I can hardly refuse,
He's so pleasing from morning to night ;
Aunt says he's a cheat, all his courtship's deceit,
Yet I know all she says is but spite.

Yet with prudence in mind no harm I shall find,
And I always will be on my guard ;
Not all of his art shall vex my gay heart,
And to break it he'll find is too hard :
Should he promise with truth he will wed, the dear
youth
I certainly never could slight ;
I cannot deny, but most surely comply,
To refuse would be nothing but spite.

I

SONG.

S O N G.†

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN FAULKNER.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE war-like genius of this sea-girt isle,
Mighty Britannia hung her drooping head;
Her palid face no longer seen to smile,
She mourn'd a hero lost, her Faulkner dead:
Upon a craggy rock that verg'd the main,
Pensive she sat, with sorrow sore oppress'd,
Her eyes dropt torrents for her fav'rite slain,
While anxious bodings fill her throbbing breast.

The wat'ry god, great Neptune, from afar,
On Amphitrites bosom where he lay,
Commands his tritons to prepare his car,
The nereids to attend — they quick obey:
His bounding courfers stem the azure tide,
To where Britannia sat their way they take,
The god with Amphitrite by his side,
Commands their pause, and thus consoling spake.

‘Grieve not, Britannia, for thy Faulkner’s fate,
‘Nor vainly with thy tears his loss bewail;
‘His death a Briton’s envy might create,
‘Who bravely for his King and Country fell;
‘Rouse then, Britannia, proudly re-assume
‘Thine ancient glories, nor thy daring cease,
‘Till vict’ry sitting on thy radiant plume,
‘Shall guide thee safe to happiness and peace.’

S O N G.*

THE SHIPWRECK'D BOY.

TWAS near a rock, within a bay,
Where many a shatter'd vessel rides,
An ample cottage shelter'd lay,
Which overlook'd the ebbing tide—
Its calm inhabitants would view
The ocean struggling with the sky,
Whene'er the northern tempests blew,
Or when each wave ran mountain high.

Once, at the closing of a day,
When angry Boreas in his rage
Had clear'd the dark'ning clouds away,
That caus'd a thunder war to wage,
A shipwreck'd sea-boy, pale and spent,
With buffeting the threat'ning waves,
Strait to the peaceful cottage went,
And, bending low, for succour craves.

He told his tale with feeble voice,
For he'd a heart that could not feign;
The list'ning hearers all rejoice,
That he was safe on land again:
The parents and the children strove
Who now should first his wants supply,
While pity caus'd each heart to move,
And sympathy fill'd ev'ry eye.

The can was fill'd, the fire was made,
 To cheer and dry the drenched guest;
 For each brought something to his aid,
 And anxiously the boy carefs'd:
 At length reviv'd, express'd his mind,
 And shew'd his gratitude so plain;
 Forgot the thunders and the wind,
 Resolv'd to try the sea again.

THE RELIEF—A DUET.

Now we've tasted some repast,
 And the storm is o'er at last,
 Let our sorrows vanquish'd be,
 Bury'd in the restless sea:
 Merry let us be,
 Underneath the tree,
 Tasting true felicity.

D U E T,*

Sung by Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Bland.

SINCE we parted, dear girl, were you constant and true?
 Did you ne'er forget Sal since she bade you adieu?
 No thought but of you could e'er comfort impart,
 And your image has dwelt ever since in my heart:
 But happy once more in each other—fate smiling—
 And peace, love, and plenty, the moments beguiling:
 We'll dance and sing *sal de ral, lal de ral la*,
 While the fiddles strike up, and the village is gay.
Each

Each eve, when our villagers all were at rest,
 Awake, thoughts of thee often tortur'd my breast;
 On deck keeping watch, or when chain'd out of view,
 I never, no never, could think of but you.
 But happy, &c.

Our love has been mutual, our suff'rings the same,
 We ask not for honors, for grandeur, for fame;
 But our snug little cot—for a friend's face it wears,
 Where Providence kindly may bless us for years.

D U E T,*

HARK, THE GODDESS DIANA.

Sung by Mess. Dignum and Page.

HARK the goddess Diana calls out for the chase,
 Bright Phæbus awakens the morn;
 Rouse, rouse from your slumbers, to hunting give
 place,
 The huntsman is winding his horn.

The hounds are unkennel'd and ripe for the game,
 We start to o'ertake the swift hare,
 All danger we scorn, for pleasure's our aim,
 To the fields then away let's repair.

S O N G.†

THE CONVENT BELL.

Sung by Mrs. Harrifon.

WHEN waken'd by the Convent bell,
At midnight's dark and dreary hour,
I rose my mournful beads to tell,
And think of life and love no more :
In vain I wept—I blush to own,
I dropt the tear for him alone.

At sober eve, or twilight grey,
The swelling organ's awful sound,
Wou'd warn the vestal's when to pray,
While holy tears bedew'd the ground,
In vain I wept—I blush to own,
I dropt the tear for him alone.

S O N G.†

AH! SEEK TO KNOW.

AH! seek to know what place detains
The object of my care ;
If yet his breast unchang'd remains,
And I his object share :
Tell me if e'er he gently sighs,
At mention of my name ;
If e'er his tender passions rise,
His lips the truth proclaim'd.

SONG.

S O N G.†

CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE village hind with toil had done,
And homeward bent his way,
While on the wave the setting sun,
Clos'd the departing day:
When Caroline of Litchfield strove,
All seemingly to borrow
The plaintive wailings of the dove,
To aid awhile her sorrow.

As dews distiling on the rose
In brightness oft' appear,
So Caroline amid her woes
Seem'd lovelier in a tear;
'Ah me, she cry'd, life has no charms,
For 'neath the drooping willow,
My lover sleeps in death's cold arms,
Upon a moisten'd pillow.

For me he brav'd the dang'rous part,
And found a wat'ry tomb;
Can silence reign then in the heart,
Or gratitude be dumb:
Ah! no—affection's tear shall flow,
Pure as the chrystal fountain,
'Till death shall end this life of woe,
Which now's beyond surmounting.

Then fighting with a wishful look,
 A loose to grief she gave,
 And headlong plung'd into the brook,
 There sunk beneath the wave :
 The village maids the tale relate,
 At eve and early morning,
 How love was nipt by adverse fate,
 'Ere scarcely it was dawning.

S O N G.*

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss the moments flew;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew;
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart;
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
 Faithful echoes to the heart!
 Happy hours, for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

SONG.

S O N G.*

SWEET LAVENDER.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

HOW happy was of late each morn,
 I wak'd to soft repose,
 And careless tript the verdant lawn,
 Where fresh the hawthorn blows:
 'Till love that caus'd the tear to start,
 And stole contentment's sweets,
 Now's left me with an aching heart,
 To cry through London streets,
 Four bunches a penny sweet lavender,
 Four bunches a penny.

What tho' my cot was humbly poor,
 Calm peace her blessing lent,
 And smil'd upon my threshold door,
 With innocent content:
 'Till William came, the pride of swains,
 And stole away its sweets,
 Which made me leave my native plains,
 To cry thro' London streets,
 Four bunches a penny sweet Lavender, &c.

But glory fill'd his manly breast,
 He fled to war's alarms,
 And left me with a heart oppress'd,
 Disrob'd of love's soft charms:
 To follow him in humble guise,
 I bade adieu the sweets
 Of village sports with streaming eyes,
 To cry thro' London streets,
 Four bunches a penny sweet lavender, &c.

Then lovely maidens come and buy,
 They'll scatter sweet perfume,
 For nought with nature's store can vie,
 Or shed so soft a bloom:
 So shall my grateful bosom bless
 The hand that bounty greets;
 And aids poor Sue with fond redress,
 That cries thro' London streets,
 Four bunches a penny sweet lavender, &c.

S O N G.†

POOR ANCHORET.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

POOOR Anchoret, a maiden fair,
 Whose worth might virtue's self adorn,
 Long lov'd a tar, of merit rare,
 All nobly brave, but fortune's scorn:
 For him she'd heave the pensive sigh,
 While sorrow mark'd, with fond regret,
 The tear that flow'd from either eye,
 Adown the cheek of Anchoret.

' Ah me ! she cry'd, stern fate has borne
 My true love distant far from me;
 What fears await his wish'd return,
 Safe from the dangers of the sea:
 Since that he's doom'd alas ! to rove,
 My cares awhile I'd fain forget,
 But absence doth most firmly prove,
 The love sincere of Anchoret.'

Now

Now ev'ning clos'd the sultry day,
 Which check'd awhile the rising sigh;
 For calm repose soft wip'd away
 The pearly tear from off her eye:
 Thus slumber bade meek sorrow cease,
 And ev'ry timid fear forget,
 Till morn awak'd her from calm peace,
 And fill'd with care poor Anchoret.

But joy at length her wishes crown'd,
 For safe return'd her love from sea;
 In him all constancy she found,
 For he was ever kind and free:
 Thus heav'n rewarded love sincere,
 And bade her ev'ry care forget,
 Who meek beheld her in a tear,
 And wip'd it from poor Anchoret.

S O N G.

PATT'S OATH AT HIGHGATE.

NOW driving thro' Highgate I stopp'd a good
 while in't,
 This volunt'ry oath forc'd to take there my dear;
 But when that I swore I pray'd all to be silent,
 And nothing but silence O faith could you hear:
 What numbers were gather'd all alone, Sir, so gaily,
 The landlord took care of my little Shillelagh,
 While I call'd for drink as I always do daily,
 O a duck loves to swim, faith and troth, do you see.

Before now I spoke, why I said to my friend, Sir,
 Take hold of that tankard and give it to me,
 For ere I begin I must make a good end, Sir,
 And faith sure enough I the bottom did see:
 Now all on the top of the coach took their places,
 While those that were inside put outside their faces,
 And our number divided together increases,
 For the sake of Pat's oath faith and troth do you see

I swear when I've beer that I'll never drink water,
 Except the weak stuff is quite strong in a bowl;
 I'll never court mother before her sweet daughter,
 But when its behind her I kiss the young soul:
 To let a jug stand going round I ne'er will, Sir,
 And when we are empty after drinking our fill, Sir,
 I'll get up and move that we all shall sit still, Sir,
 Oh as Patrick's my judge, faith and troth, do you
 see.

When serious I never will joke I declare, Sir,
 Nor ever be backward to any one's face;
 And when, that behind me I see a sweet fair, Sir,
 O faith I walk on and give her the first place:
 And when in the dark I perceive a sweet creature,
 Turn'd out in the streets, and, by fortune's ill nature,
 In plentiful want, Sir, O faith I will teach her,
 That Pat has a heart faith and troth do you see.

But to make short my oath I must add, tho' I'm married,
 My friends in distress I will never forsake,
 Tho' forc'd my own self all the way to be carried,
 I'd walk fifty miles the wretch happy to make:
 But

But if ever I see a young fellow backbite me,
 Tho' twenty leagues off by the sun that does light me;
 I never will quit him until he doth fight me,
 And there's a big oath faith and troth do you see.

S O N G.*

BEN BLOCK.

I WAS press'd while a rowing so happy—
 No matter, 'twas childish to grieve;
 So to drown care with grog I got nappy,
 Yet sigh'd my sweet Kitty to leave;
 But what hurt me most were those ninnies,
 On whom I had thought to depend,
 For I wish'd to raise Kate a few guineas,
 But found I had got ne'er a friend.

When abroad, why I troubled a shipmate
 A note to my sweetheart to write,
 Which in doing he somehow a slip made,
 His own tale of love did indite!
 So when I at Battersea landed,
 (He'd patter'd her so to his end)
 I learnt he my frigate commanded,
 And found I had got ne'er a friend.

When again on the salt seas in motion,
 The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar,
 And friendship I found on the ocean,
 As scant as I left it on shore:

We

We we're wreck'd—but my tale little matters,
 While messmates to Davy descend,
 I escap'd but was poor, all in tatters,
 And found I had got ne'er a friend.

Yet still to all fear was I stranger,
 In battle (where death tips the grin)
 Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,
 'Till a musket-ball splinter'd my fin:
 Well, away to the cock-pit I hobble,
 Where so many customers tend,
 Then the surgeon, to save further trouble,
 Lopp'd it off, damme, not like a friend.

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,
 I find, laid in Greenwich snug dock,
 My messmates are true, honest hearted,
 And each wishes well to Ben Block:
 The rear of my life glides on cheerly,
 In a calm here my moments I'll end,
 I have fought for my King late and early,
 And, bless him, the King is my friend.

S O N G . *

SEE THE DAWN HOW IT RISES.

SEE the dawn how it rises in golden array,
 While the horn sounds the summons to join in
 the chase;
 Hark! the dogs with the voices now welcome the day,
 When for sport and true concord we hunters em-
 brace:

The

The hounds are abroad, see the breaking of day,
 From the cover unkennel the fox :
 Attend to the cry—hark away, hark away,
 We'll bound over mountains and rocks.

While we sweep o'er the dale, or the mountain ascend,
 Or thro' rapid rivers our steeds boldly guide ;
 No danger we fear that can hunting attend,
 For courage was ne'er to a huntsman deny'd.
 The hounds are abroad, &c.

Then leave for awhile the soft arms of your fair,
 See Aurora, to tempt you, has nature display'd ;
 The sports of Diana the morning must share,
 Then to friendship and love let due tribute be paid.
 The hounds are abroad, &c.

S O N G.*

THE MARKET LASS.

TH^{O'} my dad I must own is but poor,
 His cot can each comfort supply ;
 The vine tendril curls round his door,
 And streamlets meander anigh :
 Health reigns and rewards daily toil,
 I rise at the lark's early song,
 And meeting my swain at the stile,
 To market I trip it along.

Sweet scented as blossoms in May,
 Butter-prints my neat basket o'erspread,
 Milk-white chickens, cream-cheese I display,
 And I'll vouch ev'ry egg is new-laid :
 To partake in my health-earning toil,
 My swain holds it ne'er can be wrong ;
 Bears the weight of my load with a smile,
 As to market we trip it along.

Arriv'd, soon I purchasers view,
 Sell my stock very oft' in a trice,
 Reap the produce to industry due,
 But ne'er charge above market price:
 Returning the way to beguile,
 With a tale, or a joke, or a song,
 Snatch a warm parting kiss at the stile,
 To our cot then I trip it along.

S O N G.*

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF BRITAIN FOR EVER.

LET failors and soldiers unite in this cause,
 Bound together by honor and loyalty's band;
 Both fight for Old England, and cherish er cause,
 And give to the King each his heart and his hand:

In this phalanx unite,
 Like lions we'll fight,
 While no private feuds our interests dissever;
 But this be our boast,
 And our ultimate toast,
 Here's the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

The sailer who ploughs on the watery main,
 To war, and to danger, and shipwreck a brother;
 And the foldier who firmly stands out the campaign,
 Do they fight for two men who make war on each
 other?

O no—'tis well known,
 The same loyal throne
 Fires their bosoms with ardour and noble endeavour;
 And that each with his lass,
 As he drinks a full glass,
 Toasts the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

That their cause is but one, and they both can unite,
Needs no other example than this to be seen;
Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,
Than the maritime soldier the honest marine :
 He pulls and he hauls,
 He fights 'till he falls,
And from fore-tack or musquet he never will waver ;
 But when the fray's o'er,
 With his Dolly on shore,
Drinks the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

What matters it who braves the glebe or the furge?
Yet if there's a contest about either station,
Let that stimulus glory and loyalty urge,
Who will stand the most firm to the King and the
 Nation :
 While thus we agree,
 Let's fight and be free,
Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers—O never !
 Make the Sans Cullotes fly,
 And let fame rend the sky,
With the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

S O N G .*

CHELSEA QUARTERS.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

COME hear an old campaigner's song,
A British soldier's story,
Who oft' has train'd the martial throng,
To noble deeds of glory :

But

But let not boasting swell my praise,
Who's fac'd hot balls and mortars,
In hopes to spend my latter days,
With peace in Chelsea quarters.

On swampy grounds and burning sands,
In march and counter-marches,
I've met in fight and hostile bands,
And sunk beneath my gashes ;
Yet innate valor cheer'd my heart,
'Tis fear the coward slaughters ;
And he that takes a soldier's part,
Secur'd me Chelsea quarters.

To say what foes my arm has slain,
Would daunt'd be to venture ;
My duty ne'er regarded pain,
In van, in rear, in center :
Full oft' I've drench'd my sword in blood,
And forded many waters,
In hopes when war should cease to flood,
To fix in Chelsea quarters.

And heaven blest his Majesty,
Who leaves a veteran never,
Grown old and hack'd up as you see,
He's pension'd me for ever :
My tent is fixt at last for life,
And safe from mines and mortars ;
Tho' Kingdoms wage eternal strife,
I'll ne'er quit Chelsea quarters.

SONG.

S O N G.†

AH, DELIA, SEE THE FATAL HOUR.

A H! Delia, see the fatal hour,
Farewell my heart's delight,
But how can wretched Damon live,
Thus banish'd from thy sight :
To my fond heart no rival joy
Supplies the loss of thee ;
But who can tell if thou, my dear,
Wilt e'er remember me.

Oft' I'll review the smiling scene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree,
Where gaily pass'd the happy hours,
Those hours I pass'd with thee :
What painful fond memorials rise,
From ev'ry place I see ;
But who can tell if thou, my dear,
Wilt e'er remember me.

Think, Delia, with how deep a wound,
The sweetly painful dart,
Which thy remembrance leaves behind,
Has pierc'd a hopeless heart :
Think on this fatal sad adieu,
That severs me from thee ;
Think, ah! who knows if thou, my love,
Wilt ever think on me.

SONG.

S O N G.*

THE POOR CABIN BOY.

NO lark that e'er whistled aloft o'er the downs
 Was more cheerful or blithsome than I,
 'Till fate lost my pleasure with fortune's rude frowns,
 And caus'd my poor heart for to sigh :
 For father he died, and friends turn'd me adrift
 On the billows my time to employ ;
 To weather life's voyage I've made many a shift,
 Altho' but a Poor Cabin Boy.

I've oft' times remember'd the maxim of old
 As a loose to my sorrows I gave,
 That love's not worth having when purchas'd for gold,
 Or friendship, where interest's a slave :
 So contented I've brav'd the rude storms, dry or wet,
 Busy'd up with hope's flattering joy,
 That fortune perchance might yet not forget
 To smile on the Poor Cabin Boy.

Now three years elaps'd 'ere our vessel was bound
 To England again for to steer ;
 My heart felt with raptures new life at the sound,
 My eyes dropt with pleasure a tear :
 But, alas ! adverse fate, like false friends, prov'd un-
 true,
 And soon did my wishes destroy,
 For wreck'd was our ship by the tempest's rude wind,
 And the hopes of the Poor Cabin Boy.

Yet

Yet thro' fortune's smiles I again reach'd the shore,
 And sought my companions to find;
 But the friends of my youth were dispers'd, or no
 more,
 Or scarce left a reliëf behind:
 If this be life's fate, with a sigh, I reply'd,
 May heav'n soon my hours employ,
 And give that fond blessing which here is deny'd,
 To the orphan, or Poor Cabin Boy.

S O N G.*

'TIS PRETTY POLL.

WHEN whistling winds are heard to blow,
 In tempests o'er the earth,
 The seaman's oft' dash'd to and fro,
 Yet cheerly takes his birth:
 And as he fearless mounts the shrouds,
 Awhile the vessel swings,
 Tho' skies are mantled o'er with clouds,
 The gallant sailor sings—
 'Tis pretty Poll and honest Jack,
 My girl and friend on shore,
 Will hail me at returning back,
 So let the billows roar.

When bending o'er the rocking yard,
 While seas in mountains rise,
 He takes a spell however hard,
 And danger e'er defies:

The

The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
 Lets fancy freely roam,
 And tho' from many a friend afar,
 Thus sings of those at home,
 'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,
 Alike in each extreme,
 The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,
 And floats with fortune's stream:
 To love and fortune ever true,
 He steers life's course along,
 And wheresoever sailing to,
 Fond hope elates his song:
 'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

S O N G.

*Sung in the Woodman.**

COURT me not to scenes of pleasure,
 This fond heart no more must know;
 Can it beat to mirth's gay measure,
 All its strings attun'd to woe?
 No—the mind by hope forsaken,
 But of sorrow seeks relief:
 Joy no transport can awaken,
 Sighs must number out its grief.

SONG.

S O N G.†

AS T'OTHER DAY.

AS t'other day fair Chole stray'd
Among some sweets of fragrant roses,
The laughing boy perceiv'd the maid,
The boy who of our fate disposes;
For 'midst the bushes as he lay,
Arm'd with a quiver full of arrows,
Which, in wanton childish play,
He idly shot at perching sparrows.

Soon as he saw the blooming fair
He chose the sharpest arrow in't,
Resolv'd to ease his mother's care,
And kill her rival in a minute;
Awhile he bent his bow, awhile
He aim'd his arrow not to miss her,
But Chloe turning, with a smile,
Beckon'd the child to come and kiss her.

Around her neck the urchin flew,
Dissolv'd in pleasure, lost in blisses,
Fondly reaping, as they grew,
Melting, poignant, am'rous, kisses:
'Till mad with ecstasy he swore,
He'd harmless prove to her for ever,
Nor from that time molest her more,
With an ow, bow, or dart, or quiver.

Then

Then cease to wonder, hopeless swain,
 Why charming Chloe's heart discovers
 No tender wish to ease the pains
 Of her desponding dying lovers;
 Or why such fragrance from her lips,
 Distills in all her balmy kisses—
 'Tis Cupid's breath the virgin sips,
 And he's averse to all our wishes.

S O N G.

MAY THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

IN throngs, from all parts, on pads, prancers, and
 pacers,
 Hacks, hunters, and ponies, and trotters, and racers,
 The people are gather'd, regardless of danger,
 To view the sweet face of the fair blushing stranger;
 And they feel honest pride, whilst they toast in ale
 nappy,
 May the Prince and his bride live long and live happy.

In the eye of each gazer a welcome seems ready,
 Tho' tis love at first sight, yet the love shall be steady;
 So to quicken our spirits, a song and a story,
 'Till ev'ry heart warms with our dear country's glory:
 And we'll feel a true pride in each honest endeavour,
 May the Prince and his bride live long, live for ever.

SONG.

S O N G.†

FAL LAL LA.

Sung by Mrs. Bland

A SHEPHERD wander'd, we are told,
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la,
To seek a straggler of the fold,
Fal lal la, &c.

When passing o'er a fragrant glade,
Descry'd a young and beauteous maid,
And thus to her his vows he paid,
Fal lal la, &c.

Ah! beauteous maid, if you'll be mine,
Fal lal la, &c.
Your brows with cowslips I'll entwine;
Fal lal la, &c.

To you the flowrets as they spring,
In rusky baskets I will bring,
And sweetly by your side I'll sing,
Fal lal la, &c.

The maiden quickly rais'd her head,
Fal lal la, &c.
Her eyes their wonted beauties shed,
Fal lal la, &c.
This sacred spot, ah! shepherd dear,
Approach not, as my frowns you fear;
I from the sun-beams shelter here,
Fal lal la, &c.

K

With

With vows of truth the maid he plies,
Fal la la, &c.
To languish now began her eyes;
Fal la la, &c.
And as along the glade they went,
His soul on nought but love intent,
The yielding fair-one blush'd consent.
Fal la la, &c.

S O N G.*

WHACK FAL DE RAL.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

O SEARCH round the world, mine the very best
trade is.

My pleasure and bus'ness is all with the ladies,
With my whack fal de ral, fal de ral la,
Whack fal de ral, la de ral la.

I never could think that one wife was plenty —
The law's against two wives, so I'll marry twenty:
With a whack fal de ral, &c.

That marriage is good is a well understood thing,
And I'm always for having enough of a good thing:
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Take comfort, my wives, if I'm hang'd 'cause I'm blest
in ye,
For marriage and hanging they say go by destiny.
With a whack fal de ral, &c.

This marrying trade I never shall alter,
 'Till wedlock's soft noose is exchang'd for a halter:
 With a whack fal de ral, &c.

S O N G.†

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

THOU late and early I do pad,
 A bawling sweep-foot-ho!
 Yet still am I as blithe a lad,
 As e'er you'd wish to know:
 And when the ladies fine I hear
 Cry, 'take care of the sweep!'
 'Ladies,' says I, 'you need not fear,'
 But I'm for them too deep:
 For I gives 'em a smut
 Of my bag full of foot,
 They cry, 'curse you, mind how you go;'
 'Dear me, Ma'am,' says I,
 'I was just brushing by,'
 And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho.

And when disguis'd I meet the devil,
 I love to have some fun;
 A lawyer I mean—the greatest evil
 That thrives beneath the sun;
 For sure we both, beyond all doubt,
 Are to the devil a-kin;
 The difference is I'm black without,
 The lawyer's black within—

(196)

I gives him a smut
Of my bag full of foot,
He cries, 'damme, mind how you go'
'Sir,' says I, 'pity me,
'Do 'sweep out of the way,'
And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho.

Your flashy folks dress fine and gay,
As thro' the streets I go,
All in an instant clear the way,
At sound of sweep-foot ho:
And thus I gammons all the folks,
I care not great or small,
I laughs, I sings, I cracks my jokes,
And something says to all:
For I gives 'em a smut,
Of my bag full of foot,
They cry, 'prithee mind how you go;
'O dear, Sir,' says I,
'I was just brushing by,'
And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho.

S O N G.*

YOUNG PAT.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,
And sure ever since he has teaz'd me to death;
For so sweetly he sings, and makes love with such art,
By the faith of St. Patrick he's shot thro' my heart,
With his gramachree Molly, och, what can I do.

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,
 He'll — oh, to be sure — only make me his wife!
 Then so tender he looks when we lovingly chat,
 That I long to be married — but won't tell him that.
 With his gramachree, &c.

Last Sunday at church he must fain tell the priest,
 In a week or two more we are wedded at least.
 And sure since he said it, my conscience will say,
 If he don't lead me there I will shew him the way.
 With his gramachree, &c.

S O N G.*

THE ROW.

TO be sure I don't love in my heart now,
 What some people call a good dust;
 And with life was I sure for to part now,
 As some time or other I must:
 When I see a lady in danger,
 I up to her march with a bow,
 And from her ne'er shrink as a stranger,
 But instantly kick up a row:
 For I peit away, whelt away, whack away,
 Lather away all that I can,
 Well pleas'd I'm to lose my life still,
 For woman, that blessing to man:
 Give me but a sprig of shilaly,
 And may be I'll not shew you how,
 Be a puppy's coat ever so mealy,
 To dust, when I kick up a row.

K 4

One

One night as I walk'd down the Strand, I
 Saw ladies by ruffians abus'd,
 So, says I, to be sure I can't stand by,
 And see the sweet creatures misus'd;
 So that which Ma'am Justice should settle,
 Had she been awake, you'll allow,
 I, being of true Irish mettle,
 Compounded, by making a row.
 For I pelt away, &c.

As for fighting, I don't say I love it,
 For sometimes it proves a bad job —
 And what, pray now, more would you have on't,
 I got a snug gash on my knob:
 But where I see ladies ill treating,
 My country I'll straight disavow,
 If I don't give the thieves such a bating,
 And always I'll keep up the row.
 For I'll pelt away, &c.

S O N G.*

TIGHT LADS OF THE OCEAN.

I SING of that life of delight beyond measure,
 That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main;
 Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
 And where men lose their lives a sure fortune to gain:
 Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy,
 Where the water stinks sweetly by way of a zest,
 Where you walk on your legs if you're not topsy
 turvey,
 And where, though you sleep soundly you're never
 at rest:

Then

Then push round the cann, O you have not a notion
 Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts and
 wives,
 Ah! give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,
 Who, though they're so wretched, lead such happy
 lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the mid-
 dle,
 That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your ears,
 And play a duet with the tar's song and fiddle,
 So sweetly that sounds and that nobody hears:
 Then to see the tight ladshow they laugh at a stranger,
 Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders
 can kill—
 You're safe, sure enough, were you not in such danger,
 And might loll at your ease if you could but set still
 Then push round the cann, &c.

What of perils that always the same are so various,
 And thro' shot-holes and leaks leave wide open
 death's doors,
 Devil a risk's in a battle wer't not so precarious,
 Storms were all gig and fun but for breakers and
 shores!
 In short, a tar's life, you may say that I told it,
 Who leaves quiet and peace foreign countries to
 roam,
 Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
 The best life in the world next to staying at home.
 Then push round the cann, &c.



S O N G.†

THE DEW LIGHTLY FELL.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE dew lightly fell on the sweet-briar thorn,
And shone in a clear lucid drop,
The hounds were uncoupled and fresh bloom'd the
morn,

When, saddled, I mounted old Crop;
With spirits like fire, elated with joy,
We fally o'er hedge, ditch, and stile,
To taste those sweet pleasures which never can cloy,
While health crowns the chace with a smile.

C H O R U S.

Hark away then was cried, as we skim'd o'er the lawn,
Where sweet echo replied to the notes of the horn.

Now Reynard we spied and redoubled our speed,
To shun us his art was in vain,
For our dogs were all stanch and of the right breed,
Who nimbly flew over the plain:
To baffle his cunning young Towler and Sly,
Two mettlesome hounds of the pack,
Stept forward and soon panting Reynard is nigh,
Whose speed had began for to slack.
Hark away, &c.

O'ercome

O'ercome by their swiftness he yielded his breath,
 When I and Tom Ringwood fell in,
 While the huntsman's loud shouting proclaim'd his
 delay,

To join in the musical din:
 The chase being o'er we return'd full of glee,
 Fresh pleasures awhile to partake:
 And thus we enjoy our lives jovial and free,
 Till Aurora again bids us wake.
 Hark away, &c.

S O N G.*

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

AS bright as the morning the fons of the chase,
 As early as Sol in the morning we're rising:
 Joy danc'd in each heart, and health bloom'd in each
 face,

Alike ev'ry fear and each danger despising:

Then hail to the morn,

With hounds and with horn,

While pleasure around does each prospect adorn,
 Through woodlands and vallies with speed they in-
 cline,

And the sports of the chase each proclaims is divine.

Now rous'd from his den, see fly Reynard in view,
 And watchful he over the meadow is flying;
 As swiftly the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,
 Alike all his speed and his cunning defying;
 He now takes to the wood,
 Now passes the flood,
 Yet as eager the chase by the dogs is renew'd;
 Thro' woodland or valley with speed they inclin'd,
 While the sports of the chase each proclaims is divine.
 Tho' he brushes to cover, and hides for a while,
 Yet soon the staunch beagles will certainly find
 him,
 Such a pack all his cunning can never beguile,
 He quickly is trac'd by the scent left behind him:
 They seize on their prey,
 While the horns sound away,
 And pleasures reward the fatigue of the day;
 To sing o'er the bowl they all cheerful incline,
 That the joys of the sportsmen are nearly divine.

S O N G.†

THE SWELLING CANVAS.

THE swelling canvas caught the breeze,
 The ship flew thro' the sea,
 But nought, Louisa, could avail,
 To take my thoughts from thee:
 Ah! no—from love, my charming maid,
 I'd ev'ry pain endure;
 And you alone the wound have made,
 And you alone can cure.

W. en

When loud contending billows sweep,
 And silver'd waves arise,
 The ship now plunges in the deep,
 And now assails the skies:
 But greater are the storms by far
 That in my bosom roll,
 Love's ev'ry conflict struggles there,
 And agitates my soul.

Thy form my mind, my passion holds,
 No one e'er lov'd more true;
 Tho' parted distant as the poles,
 My heart is still with you:
 In pity then return my love,
 Nor from my wishes fly,
 For if you smile 'twill heaven prove,
 But if you frown I die.

S O N G.†

THE SLOW RISING MORN.

THE slow rising morn glads the top of the hills,
 And cheers by its rays the soft murmuring rills;
 The tinkling fold salutes the new day,
 And Phœbus delights by the beams of his ray:
 The cock's cheerful voice is the clarion of morn,
 And echo revibrates the huntsman's sweet horn;
 Hark, the lark – hark, the lark – hark, the lark on the
 spray,
 Her sweet notes wake the sluggard, and welcome the
 day.

The chimes of the village now waken the clown,
 The 'squire takes his roafe from his foft bed of down ;
 The hunters start up, each his whip gave a crack,
 Then faddle their horfes, unkennel the pack :
 Their musical halloo, the hounds in full cry,
 We ferrit our pufs, for the victim must die :
 While the thrush on the bush in concert unites,
 And adds to the pleasures that crown our delights.

The fatigues of the day lead us home to the bowl,
 And festivity's board makes for each jovial soul ;
 The bottle we crack, the rich nectar we quaff,
 And mirth in his train brings the jest and the laugh,
 'Till Somnus spreads o'er us his mantle of peace,
 And the nightingale's notes bids our jollity cease—
 Hark how sweetly, how sweetly her song cheers the
 night,
 And Luna delighted redoubles her light.

S O N G. †

THE LOYAL TAR.

Sung by Mr. Sulgwick.

N O longer tempt me from my duty.
 My country calls me hence awhile ;
 I prize, dear Nan, thy worth and beauty,
 But more I prize Britannia's smile :
 The haughty ace now braves our arms,
 And dares t'insult us on the main ;
 My heart tho' parting for thy charms,
 PANTS more to meet them once again :
 Can you for this your Jack reprove?
 His King he must prefer to love.

Nor

Nor sigh, my Nan, if now I leave
 Thy peaceful breast and court the war;
 Should I not go you more would grieve,
 To see disgrac'd thy faithful tar!
 Then smile consent, thy sailor sues,
 The pang of parting 'twill allay;
 And ev'ry hour of bliss we lose,
 In years of transport I'll repay:
 No longer then your Jack reprove,
 His King he must prefer to love.

S O N G.

PATRICK O'NEAL.

YE Sons of Hibernia, who, foug on dry land,
 Round your lineating turf-piles and whisky in
 hand,
 Drink hald-milk full rough, and ne'er think of the
 boys,
 Who are fighting your battles thro' tempest and noise,
 At end to rancidity—'tis true, I declare,
 Such swimming and sinking would make you all stare,
 For storms, squibs, and crockers have sing'd at my tail,
 Since the greis gang laid hold on poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Twas the first day of April, I sat off, like a fool,
 From Kilkenny to Dublin to see Lawrence Tool,
 My mother's third cousin, who oft' had wrote down,
 And begg'd I'd come to see how he flourish'd in town:
 But I scarce had set foot in this terrible place,
 'Ere I met with a stranger who swore to my face,
 He beckon'd a priss-gang that came without fail,
 And neck and heels drag'd off poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then

Then they scamper'd away, as they said, with a prize,
 (For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise)
 But a terrible blunder they made with their strife,
 For I'd ne'er teen a ship or the sea in my life:
 Away to a tender they told me to steer,
 But of tenderness devil a morsel was there,
 O! I roar'd and I curs'd, tho' it did not avail,
 They down in the cellar cram'd Patrick O'Neal.

We set sail from Dublin the very next day,
 I was half starv'd and sea-sick the rest of the way;
 Not a mile-stone I saw, nor a house, nor a bed,
 'Twas all water and sky 'till we came to Spithead,
 Then they call'd up all hands—hands and feet soon
 obey'd,
 O I wish'd myself home cutting turf with a spade;
 For the first thing I saw made my courage to fail,
 'Twas a great floating castle for Patrick O'Neal.

This huge wooden world roll'd about on the tide,
 And a large row of teeth stuck fast in each side;
 They put out the boat, and they told me to keep
 Fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should slip—
 I let go with my hands to stick fast by my toes,
 The ship gave a roll and away my head goes,
 I plung'd in the water and dath'd like a whale.
 'Till with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Midst shouts, jests and laughter, they hoisted me in
 To this huge wooden world full of riot and din;
 Such ropes and such pullies, such sights met my eye,
 And so large were the sheets that they hung up to dry:

I thought it Noah's ark, stuff'd full of queer guests,
 Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beaks —
 Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale,
 And they sung, curs'd and laugh'd at poor Patrick
 O'Neal.

All confounded with bother I began to look queer,
 When the boatswain's shrill pipe made all hands to
 appear,
 Up the rode like to monkies, they running did swear,
 Then like gibbets and rope-dancers swung in the air :
 They clapt sticks in a capstern, as I afterwards found,
 The chap sit and fis'd as they turned him round,
 The ship run her anchor, spread her wings, and set
 sail,
 With a freight of live lumber and Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I express'd a great wish,
 Where they live under water like so many fish ;
 I was put in a mess with some more of the crew,
 And it being banjan-day they gave me burgue :
 For a bed they'd a sack, hung as high as my chin,
 They call'd it a hammock, and bade me get in,
 I lay hold, took a leap, but my footing being frail,
 It swang me clean over ! — Poor Patrick O'Neal.

With some help I got in, where I rocked all night,
 The day broke my rest in a terrible fright ;
 ' Up hammocks, down chests,' was cry'd from all parts,
 ' There's a French ship in sight !' — up and down went
 my heart !
 To a gun I was station'd, they cry'd, with an oath,
 To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth,
 They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,
 And the leading-strings gave to Patrick O'Neal.

Our thick window shutters we pull'd up with speed,
 And we run out our bull-dogs of true English breed;
 The Captain cry'd 'England and Ireland, my boys,'
 When he mention'd old Ireland my heart made a noise!
 Our sweet little guns did the Frenchmen defy,
 We clapt fire on his back and bid him let fly;
 His voice made me leap, tho' I'd hold by his tail,
 The beast then flew back and threw Patrick O'Neal.

Then we lather'd away, by my shoul, hob and nob,
 'Till the Frenchmen gave up what they thought a bad
 job;

Then to tie him behind a long cord they did bring,
 And we led him along like a pig in a string!
 So home to Old England we led the French boy,
 O the sight of the land made me sea-sick with joy;
 They made a new peace when the war was too stale,
 And set all hands adrift, and poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now safe on dry land a carousing I'll steer,
 Nor cat head, nor cat-block, nor boatswain's-cat fear;
 While there's shot in the locker I'll sing, and be bound
 That Saturday night shall last all the year round:
 But should peace grow too sleepy and war come again,
 By the piper of Leinster I'd venture again,
 Returning I'll bring, good folks, a fresh tale,
 That you'll cry 'till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.

SONG.

S O N G.†

ENGLISH ALE.

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been,
If I lie may I go for a taylor -
But a thousand fine sights I have seen:
I've been cram'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,
But the very best stuff to my palate,
Is a glass of your English good Ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea;
But I envy them none of their potions,
A glass of good Slingo for me.
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail,
For the phylic that cures all diseases,
Is a bumper of English good Ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
Why there I had plenty of grog,
And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion
It sets one's good spirits agog:
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of English good Ale.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE COMPLAINT.

CEASE, cease, ye birds of the grove,
 Your melody pleases no more;
 It serves but to waken my love,
 And think on the maid I adore:
 Since together we fondly have stray'd,
 To hear the wild notes of your song,
 When my fair-one was charm'd with the shade,
 And wish'd ev'ry note to prolong.

View the sweets of yon flow'rets that blows,
 Surcharg'd with the dew of the morn;
 Yet you'll find that there is not a rose
 Without its attendant the thorn:
 So Chloe is blooming and fair
 As the rose bending soft with the dew;
 But, O ye fond shepherds, beware,
 Though blooming, yet Chloe's untrue.

Ye swains of the village beware
 How you tread in the mazes of love,
 'Tis a path that's bewildered with care,
 And the more to the farther you rove:
 Suppose that your charmer's sincere,
 That you read the fond wish in her eyes;
 Yet still you have reason to fear,
 And forego the pursuit if you're wise.

How

How tuneful was Corydon's reed,
 When his love deign'd to listen the while;
 When a look of regard was his meed,
 And each note was return'd with a smile:
 Yet no more shall it breathe the gay strain,
 No more with the nightingale vie,
 I'll teach it the way to complain,
 And mourn the sweet nymph with a sigh.

What beauties remain in my cot,
 Or the vine that o'er shadows my door,
 Since I and its shade are forgot,
 Since Chloe is constant no more:
 Each linnet shall droop with its wing,
 For my love was the theme of its lay;
 The goldfinch no longer shall sing,
 For no longer is Corydon gay.

S O N G.*

ARISE, MY FAIR.

ARISE, my fair, the morn invites,
 With songs of birds on ev'ry bough;
 Each field with verdant sweets delights,
 And all Aurora's beauties glow;
 We loose the prime, with joy to heed
 Our tended plants, how buds the grove,
 What drops the myrrh and balmy reed,
 How nature paints her gay alcove!

The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Fresh opening now your sense shall greet :
 The bee now sits upon the bloom,
 With care extracting liquid sweet ;
 The zephyr with his balmy breath,
 Awakes the gardens choicest stores ;
 And o'er each mead and purple heath,
 Has Flora scattered earliest flow'rs.

The wintry storms are all o'erpast,
 And spring resumes her genial reign,
 To woods in pairs the turtles haste,
 And sweetly tell their pleasing pain :
 Like them together let us fly,
 'Midst scenes of love and nature stray
 'Tis thou alone can'st give me joy,
 Arise, my fair, and come away.

S O N G.†

AS PENDANT O'ER THE LIMPID STREAM.

AS, pendant o'er the limpid stream,
 I bow'd my snowy pride,
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
 For what the fates deny'd :
 The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
 With such an angel air ;
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates no longer let me pine,
 A self-admiring sweet,
 Permit me by your grace divine,
 To kiss the fair-one's feet:
 That if by chance the gentle maid,
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may, upon her bosom laid,
 In softer sweets expire.

S O N G.†

WHEN NIGHTS WERE COLD.

WHEN nights were cold, and rain, and fleet,
 Full hard against the window beat;
 Then many a long and weary mile,
 My lover travel'd to behold me,
 His toil repaid to see me smile,
 And sweetly in his arms enfold me;
 And thro' the night we'd sit and chat,
 Alas! there was no harm in that.

How sweet his words whene'er he spoke,
 But, Oh! when he his passion broke,
 Upon his lips the falt'ring tale
 More grace receiv'd from his confusion,
 And now by turns his cheek look'd pale,
 Or crimson'd o'er with mild suffusion,
 Our beating hearts went pit-a-pat,
 Alas! there was no harm in that.

Another

Another now the bliss must prove,
 Tho' we so oft' have sworn to love;
 Oh! cruelty - my heart will break,
 I'll hie me to some shade forsaken,
 And only of my love I'll speak,
 And prove my faith and truth unshaken:
 I'll wander where we oft' have sat,
 Sure there will be no harm in that.

S O N G.†

WHEN ISICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

WHEN ificles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk come frozen home in pail;
 When blood be nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-who, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's faw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, &c.

S O N G.

THOU' Old England, cry'd William, invites me to
arms,
And bids me, dear Susan, relinquish thy charms,
Yet still thy lov'd image shall dwell in my heart,
And 'midst ev'ry danger sweet transport impart :
'Till with victory crown'd I return to the shore,
Then, Susan, dear Susan, I'll leave thee no more.

To Neptune and Mars my fond suit I prefer'd,
Who sooth'd me with smiles when my story they heard,
For with tears and with sighs I their pity implor'd,
And begg'd they would spare the dear youth I ador'd,
And I said, if a victor they sent him to shore,
That William, dear William should leave me no more.

The gods thus reply'd, and I thank'd them indeed,
'The daughters of Albion in vain never plead,
E'en the whole British Fleet in that glory shall share,
Which we to bestow on thy lover prepare :'
Soon in triumph, cried I, will our fleet reach the shore,
Then William, dear William will leave me no more

While Britannia the laurels prepar'd for her Howe,
He nobly exclaim'd, 'ere the wreath grac'd his brow,
'Twas the brave British seamen that vanquish'd the foe,
And William was foremost his courage to shew ;
So with victory crown'd they return'd to the shore,
And William, dear William, shall leave me no more.

SONG.

S O N G.

AUTUMN'S PLENTEOUS CROPS APPEAR.

AUTUMN's plenteous crops appear,
 (Glorious season of the year)
 See the happy nymphs and swains,
 (Source of all the pastoral strains)
 O'er their arms are sickles hung,
 And the rustic ballad's sung,
 As they trip across the plains,
 Happy nymphs and happy swains.

Yellow stems bow down their heads,
 Homage to the rural maids;
 Jocund whilst at work they're found,
 And the village news goes round:
 Each swain near the lass he loves,
 And the day in friendship moves;
 To the joys of harvest field,
 Ev'ry pleasure else must yield.

See them now, with stomachs good,
 Round a dish of solid food,
 Sitting in a shady seat,
 Shelter'd from meridian heat:
 And by harmless chat and jokes,
 Shew how blest are country folks;
 Happy, happy, happy they,
 Cheerful pass the time away.

SONG.

S O N G.

MY JOURNEY IS LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Gray, at the Lyceum.

WHEN I was at home as the lark I was gay,
That warbles so sprightly and brisk all the
spring,
At the plough or at thrashing I'd labour all day,
And when driving my team how I'd whistle and sing:
Sweet Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid,
But she from our village false-hearted did rove;
So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I came up to town, and my journey is love.

Over head I was fous'd in affliction I vow,
Nor morn, noon, or night, could a gay moment
bring,
At thrashing, at driving the team or the plow,
No more the blithe lay could I whistle or sing:
For Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid,
And she from our village unkindly did rove;
So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I be com'd up to town, and my journey is love.

She was kind to me once, aye, as kind as she's fair,
In her ears love-lorn ditties I'd frequently ding,
Which she would admire; and I vow and declare,
She was pleas'd with the notes that I'd whistle and
sing:

L

Effeggs!

Effeggs! then I thought her my own pretty maid,
 But away from our village fair Fanny did rove;
 So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
 I be com'd up to town, and my journey is love.

S O N G.

THE VESTRY DINNER.

Sung at the Lyceum.

CHURCH-Warden I've been, let me see, very
 often,
 You know 'tis a place of much trust;
 And its monst'rous fatigues and its hardships to soften,
 We eat, aye and drink, 'till we burst:
 We meets and we talks about how and confarning,
 As spokesman I'm always beginner,
 But never so pleas'd as to give out this warning,
 Next Monday's a vestry dinner:
 And none but an ill, foul-mouth'd fellow'd abuse,
 A snug little dinner and plenty of booze.

At jobs, parish meetings, how oft' I've attended,
 And talk'd 'till I chatter'd my fill;
 As how things were so bad that they ought to be
 mended,
 But first we all swallow'd our jill:
 For why? talk's fatiguing, and moisture is wanting
 By all speakers, or else I'm no finner!
 And to make us more thirsty, to hear we're all panting,
 Next Tuesday's a vestry dinner.
 And none, &c.

When talking of paupers, it so hurts one's feeling,
 (Indeed I'm not dealing a sham)
 So preys on the nervous you'll oft' see us reeling,
 Tho' nothing we've touch'd but a dram:
 But e're we have settled about the relieving
 Each famish'd and half starv'd poor finner,
 I cries in the midst of our sorrow and grieving,
 Next We'n'day's a vestry dinner.
 And none, &c.

Feasts on Thursdays, and Fridays, and Saturdays fol-
 low,
 On bus'ness 'tis always we dine;
 Well-fed argument, folks say, your starv'd talk beats
 hollow,
 When moisten'd with tongue-oiling wine!
 Then who'd not be warden, who breathes in his senses,
 Fine picking he'll find on the bone!
 Ev'ry week day I'll feast upon parish expences,
 And on sunday I starve on my own.
 And none, &c.

S O N G.

THE GODDESS OF THE SILVER STREAM.

Sung by Mr. Gray, at the Lyceum.

NEAR where old Thames in ample tide,
 So pleasantly is flowing;
 While wherries o'er its bosom glide,
 And breezes soft are blowing:

A lass resides of beauty rare,
 The muses fav'rite theme!
 For she excels each rustic fair,
 Sweet goddess of the silver stream.

A boatman I, by lucky chance,
 One morn I row'd her over,
 So gazing stole a side-long glance,
 And gaz'd myself her lover:
 My feather'd oar forgot its play,
 So sweet her eyes did beam,
 My boat its burthen wish'd to stay,
 Sweet goddess of the silver stream.

Love soon gave language to our eyes,
 Like doves we soon were billing;
 A smile the pleasing phrase supplies,
 To wed dear lad I'm willing:
 I took the hint, to church we sped,
 Our joys were not a dream,
 A modest blush her cheek o'erspread,
 Sweet goddess of the silver stream.

And now as blithe as blithe can be,
 Or in our cot so cheary,
 She smiling sits upon my knee,
 Or queens it in our wherry:
 No lot is sure so blest as mine,
 Tho' mortal man I seem,
 Love bids me taste a bliss divine,
 Sweet goddess of the silver stream.

SONG.

S O N G.

I'M MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY.

Sung in the Character of Robinson Crusoe.

I'M Monarch of all I survey,
My reign there is none to dispute,
From the center all round to the sea,
I'm Lord of the fowl and the brute:
O, solitude, where are the charms,
That fages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I'm out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own:
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report,
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish and a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

The sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Even here is a season for rest,
 And I'll to my cabin repair:
 There is mercy in every place,
 And mercy encouraging thought,
 Gives to affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

S O N G.

THE ANTIQUITY OF BULLS.

Sung at the Lyceum.

WHEN talking of bulls only mention our fore-
 fathers,
 Fait and I'll bet the long odds,
 You'll find from authority learning of yore gathers,
 We're in a straight line from the gods:
 For Jupiter's self when Europa he courted,
 Wid love in disearnment quite full,
 Och, before her the form of a he calf he sported,
 And pray was not that like a bull:
 With your whack fal de ral honey, bull-makers love,
 For gra' they are all the descendants of Jove.

Then wid Læda, sweet fowl, aye, in full feather dress'd
 Sir,

The swan look'd a goose to the full,
 And stupidly made a big bird of a beast,
 And pray was not that like a bull,
 When talking, &c.

Then again, when Jove Hercules got that strong elf,
Sir,

He Amphitricion told to his scull,
Och, my jewel, I'm you, therefore you're not your-
self, Sir,

And, arrah, that sounds like a bull.
When talking, &c.

More I know, but forget, so your glassess be filling,

To flinch from the joke paddy scorns;

But, 'till to be tied up in wedlock I'm willing,

Och, fait all my bulls will want horns.

When talking, &c.

S O N G.

RODNEY'S DIRGE.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

WHILE gratitude glows in an Englishman's heart,
And does there her impressions engrave,
He'll beshrew tyrant death, whose inflexible dart
Has depriv'd us of Rodney the brave.

As the Lion when rous'd rings the woods with his roar,
And undauntedly springs on his prey;
He in thunder array'd shook the seas and the shore,
While the foe shrunk with dread and dismay.

L 4

Then

Then the fleets and galleons of the Gaul and the Don,
 No retreat from his vengeance could find :
 For their hosts he tubdu'd the wide ocean upon,
 Or dispers'd like the chaff 'fore the wind.

And while England's flag o'er the deep holds the sway,
 And her ensigns are hail'd on the wave ;
 English heroes his course while they're steering shall
 say,
 Here the foe struck to Rodney the brave.

Not a gem that each diadem hostile could boast,
 But he pluck'd to adorn England's crown ;
 And his glories shall ne'er in oblivion be lost,
 'Till the last evening sun shall go down.

For the tears of a Nation are due to his shrine,
 And those tears should abundantly flow,
 As our foes and our friends since the sun 'gan to shine,
 Never found such a friend or a foe.

And tho' now no tablet recording his fame
 Nor a trophy hangs over his grave,
 Future ages shall raise while they hallow his name,
 A memorial to Rodney the brave.

S O N G.

THE COMPLAINT.

SWEET artless songster of the grove,
 Soft as my sighs renew thy strain ;
 And join, my Delia to reprove,
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

Ah

Ah happy bird, at ev'ning hour,
 Warbling thou stray'st the woods among,
 Each rock, each rill, and leafy bow'r,
 Responsive to my tuneful song.

But she my plaints nor deigns to hear,
 Nor can my sighs her pity move ;
 Nor artless smile, nor silent tear,
 Her frozen bosom melt to love.

S O N G.

THE INFANT SPRING.

Sung by Mrs. Iliff.

THE infant spring returns again,
 The wild birds plume their wings ;
 To cheer the artless nymph and swain,
 Hark how the woodland rings :
 Now let me hail the breezy morn,
 While music fills the vale,
 And listen to the huntsman's horn,
 Which echoes thro' the dale.

Beside the brook, or up the hill,
 Or o'er the flow'ry lawn,
 The lab'ring peasant trudges still,
 At early peep of dawn :
 Now let me hail, &c.

Let me enjoy the rural shade,
 Where nature smiles around;
 And ev'ry swain, and ev'ry maid,
 With innocence is crown'd.
 Now let me hail, &c.

S O N G.

THE LAVENDER GIRL.

Sung by Mrs. Reeve, at the Lyceum.

WHENE'ER I view the op'ning dawn,
 And ruddy streaks bepaint the sky;
 And birds their flight wing o'er the lawn,
 To gather flow'rs and herbs I fly:
 Primroses, cowslips, marj'rom sweet,
 The daisy pied, the snow drop fair,
 And cry 'em thro' each lane and street,
 But now my cry's 'sweet lavender.'
 Four bunches a penny sweet lavender,
 Four bunches a penny;
 Come buy my sweet lavender.

My dad and mammy both no more,
 By my own labour I must live;
 But heaven's manna feeds the poor,
 And orphans oft' its aid receive:
 Primroses, &c.

There are men folks and women folks penn'd up together,

Like so many weathers and ewes at a fair;
Besides a long booby-hutch, built up for holding
The whole Corporation, Just-asses and Mare.

Then up got a little man into a tub,
And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the dirt,

For you could not suppose he coul'd be very clean,
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt;
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,

Tuck'd under his chin and slit in two:
To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,
I was puzzled to think what a plague he could do.

For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,

And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,
Another below that sat in a chest,

Was mocking of every word he did say:
And when he had fairly tired him out,

To the very last word—to do nothing by halves,
I verily thought he was going to fight him,
For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

But the little man tho'f he had a black shirt on,

Whipp'd over another as white as a clout,
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,
He sat open the tub and he let himself out;
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
And as tho'f he had got neither shame nor grace,
He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,
And splash'd the cold water all over his face.

To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing,
 To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick,
 For tho'f he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,
 They did mind him no more than a goofemunchick!
 Ods bobs, and I thought if the maggot should bite,
 And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
 Who could tell but in turn such a baby as I,
 May be fous'd in the trough like a fop in a pan.

So I took to my heels and I scamper'd away,
 Like a lusty fellow for sure and sure,
 And swore in my g ts if they ever catch'd I,
 O' the in-a-door-side of a church any more;
 They should plump me up to the ears in the hog-tro',
 Just like a toast in a tankard then,
 And fouse me and fop me, and fop me and fouse me,
 A hundred times over and over again.

S O N G.

DRUNKEN SONG.

Sung by Mr. Delpini.

OH what a misfortune beset me to-day,
 As I lock'd for a pretty young girl,
 They tumbled me into a but of strong beer,
 I thought to be drowned therein:
 Be drowned therein, be drowned therein,
 I thought to be drowned therein.

But what is the reason I reel thus about,
 I'm afraid the beer's got in my head;
 I reel to and fro' like a ship in a storm,
 Oh I wish I was safe in my bed.
 Safe in my bed, &c.

Oh what a misfortune beset me to night,
 As I swam in a river of beer;
 I dived to the bottom and then up again,
 And now behold you all see me here:
 You all see me here, &c.

But what is the reason you will not stand still,
 I find you must all be drank up;
 I'll put it in my pocket and give it my wife,
 And then she will sleep very well.
 Will sleep very well, &c.

S O N G.

DEATH OF HEBE.

Sung by Mrs. Horrifon.

FAIR Hebe, lovely Hebe's gone,
 A clay cold victim lies;
 The rose-buds from her cheeks are flown,
 Pale death has clos'd her eyes:
 In awful knell the solemn toll
 Increas'd poor Colin's grief;
 Affliction's load weigh'd down his soul,
 His mind knew no relief.

Opprest with anguish and despair,
 With downcast eyes he mov'd,
 And tending close the sable bier,
 Bewail'd the maid he lov'd:
 But when the sacred rights were paid,
 And earth to heav'n was giv'n,
 In sorrow's voice he trembling said,
 This is the will of heav'n.

Each coming day, at blush of morn,
 O'er Hebe's grave he stands,
 Where waving shrubs the spot adorn,
 Rais'd by the mourner's hands:
 Hope's cheering rays afford no gleam,
 To ease the shepherd's sighs;
 The hallow'd turf seems ever green,
 Bedew'd from Colin's eyes.

S O N G.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
 Thou sweet deluding ill,
 The brightest minutes mortals find,
 And sharpest hours we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares,
 Of pleasure and of pain,
 In love the comforts and the cares
 Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
 And drops of joy are few,
 This dear delight of mingling souls,
 Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh why should bliss depart in haste,
 And friendship stay to moan;
 Why the fond passion cling so fast,
 When every joy is gone.

Yet never let our hearts divide,
 Nor death dissolve the chain;
 For love and joy were once ally'd,
 And must be join'd again.

S O N G.

EMMA'S PLAINT.

SWEET zephyr, tho' 'midst rose-buds playing,
Or o'er the fragrant meadows straying,
Waft tidings of my absent swain;
Whether in woodlands wild a rover,
Or to some village maid a lover,
Soon soon relieve sad Emma's pain :
But oh if death has snatch'd his breath,
Ah whisper,
Where lies his grave in vale or plain.

How oft' my Henry, all endearing,
Has charm'd my ear, all fondly hearing,
Whilom we view'd th' inconstant main ;
He bade adieu, he saw my sorrow,
And cried, 'I'll hasten back to-morrow,'
Yet he, alas, came not again ;
But oh, &c.

For Emma there—no mortal knowing,
With silent step and eye o'erflowing,
At eve will steal to vent her pain ;
'Till from her grief each nerve exhausting,
'Till her poor tender heart-strings bursting,
She dies to join her clay-cold swain :
Then, oh, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE GODDESS OF MOUNTAINS.

Sung by Mr. Jonhstone.

THE goddess of mountains blithe, rosy and free,
As the airs that flew round her, had once a fair
tree,

'Twas liberty call'd — and a fav'rite of Jove,
And sweet was the fruit to the bright Queen of love;
In Albion 'twas planted, its branches spread wide,
Of her sons and her daughters the glory and pride;
'Twas liberty call'd, and a fav'rite of Jove,
And sweet was the fruit to the bright Queen of Love;
Tranquil pleasures, softest measures,
Still lead the dance, and give Britons to sing;
Loving loyal, good and royal,
A people happy, and honor'd their King.

Our sly gallic neighbours peep'd into our grounds,
And fain would have scal'd the white walls that sur-
round,
They long'd for our tree when its beauties were known
But missing their aim would have one of their own:
For this in poor France a vile bramble took root,
Each leaf is a poignard and bitter the fruit,
They long'd for our tree when its beauties were known,
But missing their aim would have one of their own:
Pity sleeping, angels weeping,
Saw the savage triumph o'er men,
Justice firing, all inspiring,
Drive the tyger into his den.

SONG.

S O N G.

LORD HOWE AND VICTORY.

OUR ships, the guardians of our land,
Were led by gallant Howe,
With British hearts of oak well mann'd,
To seek the boasting foe;
The fleet he spy'd in order fair,
Superior numbers found her,
Resolv'd for fight, our tars prepare
To hurl the British thunder.

C H O R U S.

Long live the King, from that bright source
Let brightest honors flow,
To bring the laurel wreath be ours
To grace the hero's brow.

Their brave Commander now survey
The scene with placid eye,
His mind each wise manœuvre weighs,
To insure a victory;
The fight begins, the broadsides roar,
And horrid carnage spread,
With blood the main is purpled o'er,
The decks are strew'd with dead.
Long live the King, &c.

The

The French Commander Howe engag'd,
 With well directed fire,
 The bold yet skilful war he wag'd,
 Soon forc'd him to retire:
 Two French ships to the bottom went,
 With all their mangled crew,
 Six others on their safety bent,
 Struck to victorious Howe.
 Long live the King, &c.

S O N G.

THE COBLER.

A PSALM or a song-singing cobbler be I,
 Who cares not a snap for the proudest;
 I jokes in my stall with the girls passing by,
 And hammers away with the loudest;
 My soul's made of right honest well-wearing stuff,
 And my upper-leathers can't be surpass'd;
 As the very best tann'd hide my merry heart's tough,
 First of cobblers, I stick to my last:

With hammer, awl, and sharp'ning hone,
 Wax and strap, pegs and paring-knife,
 Bristles, thread, and lap-stone,
 The cobbler leads a jolly life;

Singing

Singing loudly all the while,
 To make his work go merry,
 Tol de rol, lol lol lol de rol lol,
 And heigh down derry.

When a bachelor spruce, all the young giggish tits,
 With their eyes a love story would tell,
 Says I, that won't do girl, that shoe never fits,
 'Till at last I got tack'd to my Nell:
 What tho'f now and then Doctor Strap gives advice,
 Our quarrels are unmix'd with gall;
 A kifs and a smile makes it up in a trice,
 I'm Nell's, and my Nell is my all.
 With hammer, &c.

I was ax'd by a master to dine at his shop,
 Who'd a deuce of a quarrellsome wife,
 Who made the house shake, aye from bottom to top,
 A vixen she was to the life:
 In her tantrums, her spouse swore he'd kick her (he was
 vex'd)
 Out of doors if no stranger was nigh;
 I seeing the gemman and his lady so perplex'd,
 Cry'd don't make a stranger of I.
 With hammer, &c.

 SONG.

S O N G.

THE CIRCLE.

WE meet as a circle, our title's the same,
May the circle of honor be ever our fame;
May friendship and truth be the basis of all,
And mirth and good humour be found in our hall;
And Oh! may we ne'er from this maxim depart,
The circle of honor engrav'd on the heart.

The sun is a circle of splendour most bright,
The moon is a circle which governs the night;
The stars they are circles—the world too, beside,
Is a well-ballanc'd circle on which we all ride:
Then from this firm maxim let's never depart,
The circle of honor engrav'd on the heart.

If Britain must join in the loud din of war,
Now heard in the nations both near and afar,
May glory attend her from pole unto pole,
Wherever winds blow, and wherever seas roll;
And, Oh! may she ne'er from this maxim depart,
The circle of honor engrav'd on the heart.

May each to his friend be both constant and true,
And anger or malice be far from our view,
May ev'ry good president live long to reign,
And give the old bumper again and again:
And still may we ne'er from this maxim depart,
The circle of honor engrav'd on the heart.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE WESTERN SKY.

Sung by Sig. Lazzarini.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And, flocks reviving, felt no more
The sultry heat of day :
When from an hazel's artless bow'r,
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue,
He blest the scene, he blest the bow'r,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove :
But endless blessings crown the day,
I saw fair Esham's dale,
And ev'ry blessing finds its way,
To Nancy of the Vale.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair,
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care :
And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

M

SONG,

S O N G.

THE ROSES OF PLEASURE.

IF life's a rough path, as the sages have said,
With flints and with weeds and with briars bespread;
Where the scorpions of envy, and adders of hate,
Conceal'd in close ambush to wound us await;
It surely is wisdom to soften the scene,
By strewing the roses of pleasure between.

Yes, Nature intended that man should be blest,
Since the social affections the plac'd in his breast;
And he who morosely would mar her design,
Deserves in a desert for ever to pine,
Without one gay vision his soul to serene,
Or strew the sweet roses of pleasure between.

Then crown me the goblet, that soother of care,
And call wit and beauty the banquet to share;
Bid that o'er my reason, and this o'er my sense,
The charms of their heart-touching magic dispense;
To fling o'er life's path a soft carpet of green,
And strew the sweet roses of pleasure between.

SONG.

S O N G.

CELIA.

Sung at Bermondsey Spa.

BY the side of a grove at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech and where murmur'd
the rill,
I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of the fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Celia's dear name never fell from my tongue;
But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I wish'd unawares that my Celia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd,
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

As long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Celia's dear image renew,
For the Graces have chosen with Celia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with love.

S O N G.*

HYMN TO LIBERTY,

Parodied by T. Dutton.

LONG her hapless fate bemoaning,
France, by lawless pow'r oppress'd,
Under faction's bondage groaning,
Sighs in vain to be redress'd :
See desolation, see desolation,
Wide her raven wings expand,
Who shall save a ruin'd land,
Who restore a fallen nation ?

Mark the progress of sedition,
See the bloody flag unfurl'd ;
See them, urg'd by mad ambition,
Grasp the sceptre of the world :
A race detested, race detested,
Hireling tools to factions base ;
Dare the patriot's name disgrace,
And act the tyrant unmolested.

Freedom hides, with blushes stained,
Low her face in humble dust,
Since her sacred name prophaned,
Sanctions tyranny and lust :
With detestation, with detestation
Views, and as she views their crimes,
Wings her flight to happier climes,
Where justice rules, and laws protect the nation.

Hail!

Hail! by heav'n itself defended,
 Hail Britannia's happy isle;
 Loyalty and freedom blended,
 Here in sweetest union smile:
 Thy constitution, thy constitution,
 Like the rocks that guard thy land,
 Still impregnable shall stand,
 Secure from change and revolution.

S O N G.*

WHEN THE MORNING PEEPS FORTH.

WHEN the morning peeps forth and the zephyr's
 cool gale
 Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
 Up ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll rove,
 Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
 Then follow with me where the welkin resounds,
 With the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask are the blessings of health;
 So shall innocence' self give a warrant to joys,
 No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys:
 Then follow with me, &c.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam,
 Yet returning we find dearer pleasures at home;
 Where the chearful good humour gives honest grace,
 And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face:
 Then follow with me, &c.

S O N G . *

WHEN ANGRY NATIONS.

WHEN angry nations rush to arms,
 And dare Britannia's peace molest;
 Whilst discord sounds her dire alarms,
 And fills with rage each hostile breast:
 The gallant tar, at honor's call,
 Springs forth to meet his country's foes,
 And, fix'd to conquer or to fall,
 His breast with martial ardour glows.

Behold him in the dreadful scene,
 Where heroes fall to rise no more,
 He braves his fate with dauntless mien,
 And bids the thund'ring cannons roar:
 No fears appal a manly mind,
 Or, if perchance he heave a sigh,
 'Tis for the girl he left behind—
 A sailor never dreads to die.

In honor's deathless page enroll'd,
 Conspicuous shines each sailor's name;
 Each guardian of his native land,
 Whose bosom nobly pants for fame:
 On them the British fair bestow
 Their choicest smiles, their favors sweet,
 When crown'd with laurel from the foe,
 They lay their wreath's at beauty's feet.

SONG.

S O N G.

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

OFT' as on Thames's banks I stray,
Where nymphs and swains appear,
From all their sports I turn away,
If William be not there:
 The nymphs all laugh,
 The swains all quaff
Their cyder, ale, and perry;
 They nod and wink,
 While health they drink
To William of the ferry.

When on the stream the youths attend,
Their manly skill to show,
With rival force the oar they bend,
And o'er the surface row:
 But none, I'm sure,
 E'er ply the oar,
Or steer so well the wherry,
 As he who won
 The prize alone,
Young William of the ferry.

Such blifs to me his smiles impart,
Whene'er he talks of love,
That now I find my yielding heart
Does all his hopes approve:

M 4

So

So Hymen's bands
 Shall join our hands;
 Then I'll be blithe and merry,
 And sing thro' life,
 The happy wife,
 To William of the ferry.

S O N G.

'TIS NO FAULT OF MINE.

YOUNG Damon has woo'd me a monst'rous long
 time,

I dare say a twelvemonth at least!
 But courtship's so pleasant when youth's in its prime,
 The date of it cannot be guess'd:
 Oh how I did laugh when I thought I could vex,
 Or cause him in anguish to pine;
 Indeed 'tis the fashion of all our kind sex,
 So you know it is no fault of mine.

The more constant was he, the more flippant was I,
 In his sighs I enjoy'd fresh delight;
 When he ask'd for a kiss, though I long'd to comply,
 Yet I tortur'd myself out of spite:
 When he found me resolv'd all his hopes to perplex,
 He forsook me and left me to pine,
 Indeed 'tis the fashion with that cruel sex,
 So you know it is no fault of mine.

How

How short were the minutes when Damon was near,
 Now each moment's as long as a day;
 And winter's dark mantle envelopes the year,
 Though then ev'ry season was May:
 I'll seek the dear youth and heal the keen smart,
 Declare I to pity incline,
 If then he refuses my hand and my heart,
 Why, you know, 'twill be no fault of mine.

S O N G.*

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

COME let us raise the war-like lay,
 Let fame her trump attune,
 In glad remembrance of the day,
 The glorious first of June:
 When British Tars oft' 'ere awhile,
 Did new renown obtain,
 And bravely prov'd their favor'd Isle
 Still mistress of the main:
 Triumphant shall our navies plough
 The seas from shore to shore,
 And France in future times know How
 To conquer as before.

Emerging from his bed of rocks,
 Old Neptune eager rose,
 Then sternly shook his briny locks,
 To view the the mighty foes;

M 5

Vain

Vain Gallia, cry'd the frowning god,
 Detested be their cause,
 Who'd rule the world with iron rod,
 And break true freedom's laws:
 These foaming billows soon shall flow
 Bestain'd with purple gore,
 And Frenchmen to their cost know **HOWE**
 To conquer as before.

The foe defied this dread decree,
 Resolv'd, with naval might,
 To win the empire of the sea,
 Or perish in the fight:
 Tremendous then the battle rag'd,
 The waves seem'd all on fire,
 And dauntless ship and ship engag'd,
 While fame did each inspire:
 Some struck, while others moving slow,
 To gain their native shore,
 Proclaim that British Tars know **HOWE**
 To conquer as before.

S O N G.*

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd,
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep nine.

Then bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well known object kept in view;
 An abbey tow'r, an harbour fort,
 Or beacon, to the vessel true:
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 By the mark seven.

And as the much lov'd shore we near,
 With transports we behold the roof
 Where dwells a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof:
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 Quarter less five.

S O N G.*

WHEN I WAS A CHIT.

WHEN I was a chit, just enter'd my teens,
 And the men would be asking a kiss;
 Thinks I to myself, I scarce know what it means,
 But I think I ought not to say yes:
 To be sure it was fine,
 When they call'd me divine,
 Tho' I've simper'd and cry'd—let me go,
 O dear, Sir! O la!
 I'll acquaint my Mamma,
 If thus you keep teasing and squeezing me so.

M6

Improving

Improving in skill as advancing in years,
 Each lesson of love got by heart,
 More eager my hopes, more decided my fears,
 Pure nature sought refuge in art—
 At each swain that drew nigh,
 I look'd under my eye,
 And loiter'd, pretending to go:
 If prest to sit down,
 I exclaim'd with a frown,
 How dare you keep teasing and squeezing me so.

Coqueting's now o'er, and, settled for life,
 Each feeling is fairly confess'd;
 Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,
 'Tis nature still reigns in the breast:
 To my heart's bosom friend
 I no coolness pretend,
 Nor from him seem anxious to go;
 Nor ever complain,
 With affected disdain,
 But doubt whether squeezing be teasing or no.

S O N G.*

JOYS THAT ARE PURE.

Sung in Sampson.

JOYS that are pure, sincerely good,
 Shall then o'ertake me like a flood;
 Where peace and truth do ever shine,
 With love that's perfectly divine.

S O N G.*

O PITY A MAIDEN.

Sung by Miss Milne.

YE youths, wheresoever ye wander so free,
I pray give attention and listen to me,
For truly my case is distressing and hard,
If none of your sex will my counsel regard:
If you wish for a wife,
To be happy for life,
Here's one that will sell you a heart for a heart;
Come, come, prithee buy,
Or else I shall die,
O pity a maiden and pray take her part:
Ah do—ah do—
O pity a maiden and pray take her part.

Full seventeen summers have now roll'd along,
And still I'm unmarried—a little too long!
But, since I have waited the time I have said,
I'll tell you the husband I now wish to wed:
Good sense I must find,
In the youth to my mind,
Not a fop, or a coxcomb, can e'er touch my heart;
No, no—he must be
Good temper'd and free—
O, pity a maiden and pray take her part.
Ah do, &c.

Should

Should you turn in your minds now a virgin's advice,
 I charge you, ye bachelors, don't be too nice,
 Tho' for virtue and so forth I may stand the test,
 O, you'll find me no more than a woman at best !

Indeed it is true,
 So mind what you do,
 'Ere you dare for the temple of Hymen to start :
 But should you incline,
 Hand and heart to entwine,
 O, pity a maiden and pray take her part.
 Ah do—ah do, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Lodoiska

YE streams that round my prison creep,
 If on your mossy banks you see
 My gallant lover stand and weep,
 Oh, murmur this command from me—
 'Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
 And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

Ye gales that love to hear me sigh,
 If in your breezy flight you see,
 My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
 O, whisper this command from me—
 'Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
 And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.'

SONG.

S O N G .

SATAN'S VISIT TO THE JACOBIN CLUB.

(Tune—To Anacreon in heav'n.)

TO old fatan in hell, where he sat in grim glee,
The jacobin club lately sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the prince of sedition;
To blast branch and fruit
Of Religion's firm root,
I'll lend you my aid, and to favor your suit,
I'll meet you at Paris, and there we'll combine,
To destroy all that's moral, that's just, and divine.

When the kiss and fraternal embraces we're o'er,
And the President came their designs to unfold,
Nick shudder'd with horror and sweat at each pore,
And his blood ran alternately hot and then cold;
Then lifting his eyes
With strong marks of surprise,
He utter'd this truth, tho' the father of lies—
'Your worth so transcendent should reign in my stead,'
And abash'd at such rivalry hung down his head.

When compos'd, 'Sirs,' says he, 'I would have you to
know,
You must pack off your preachers, your teachers,
and friars,
For Religion subverted must be at a blow,
And liberty hymns must be chaunted for prayers:
Then

Then lead the new patron
As far as the porch,
And I'll warrant I'll soon make my way into church:
There spurn at the altar, and kick down, to boot,
The sanctified water, with hell's cloven foot.'

'This nuisance remov'd, we may rapidly run,
Thro' the stages of anarchy, pillage, and blood,'
Says the president that and much more shall be done,
And the crimson of Monarchs shall mix with the
flood:

Then Satan replied,
'I thank you beside,
I've a plan to spread mischief extensively wide!
Assist but in this, you may firmly depend,
On the warmth of my gratitude world without end.'

'Then mark that old mansion, just over the way,
Where Britons thrive better on ale than on wine;
Its foundation is good, built of Freestone they say,
John Bull is the landlord, but no friend of mine:
The fellow has got,
Of ground a rich spot,
And those who're industrious may each have a lot;
And there corn and grain most abundantly grow,
For the maxim is labour, and God speeds the plough.

'Still grateful for blessings, and virtuous, and just,
His example's the bane both of you and of me;
Sedition excite and inspire dark mistrust,
Or hell a mere holiday bonfire will be:
Then skip o'er that kennel,
Usurp'd as his channel,
And decry hospitality, roast beef, and flannel,
Then Briton by Briton will soon be undone,
Ca ira, ca ira, and the day is our own.'

Britannia with looks of ineffable scorn,
 Despises their threats and their malice defies;
 And Religion, in purest simplicity born,
 With confidence leaves to the care of the skies:
 Still her commerce shall glide
 Secure on the tide,
 Protected by Howe, and by Hood, and Macbride,
 Whilst their laurels wav'd over old ocean's expanse,
 Make the sea irresistible poison to France.

Now Britain preserv'd, each refractory son
 At his error with shame and confusion shall burn;
 The flames of sedition most carefully shun,
 And the child that has strayed to his parent return:
 Then Britons agree,
 Be united and free,
 Nor licentiousness graft on fair Liberty's Tree;
 Its excrescences prune lest too far they extend,
 And its verdure shall flourish 'till time's at an end.

Conven'd at John's mansion, in spite of our foes,
 With the gods we'll rejoice, and the heart shall aspire,
 But the windows which look towards France we will
 close,
 Lest the light of philosophy put out our fire:
 At the frog in the fable,
 We'll laugh since were able,
 Give thanks for our plenty and dine at one table,
 Then Britannia shall smile whilst we loyally sing,
 The roast beef of Old England, and God save the King.

SONG,

S O N G.*

LOVE WAS ONCE A HARMLESS CHILD.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

LOVE was once a harmless child,
Sweet careffes charm'd his heart;
Now by wealth and pow'r beguil'd,
All his artless joys depart.

I have lov'd with purest truth,
But I vainly fought his aid;
He smiles but on the wealthy youth,
He only hears the splendid maid.

Oh, happy days when love was kind,
Then heav'n had giv'n her to my arms;
And gold had ne'er defil'd a maid,
By nature matchless as her charms.

S O N G.*

Sung in Lodoiska.

SWEET bird that cheer'st the heavy hours
Of winter's dreary reign,
O, still exert thy tuneful pow'rs,
And pour the vocal strain.

Go not to seek a scanty fare
 From nature's frozen hand,
 Whilst I, with gratitude, prepare
 The food thy wants demand.

Domestic bird, with me remain,
 Until next verdant spring
 Again shall bring the woodland train
 Their grateful tribute bring.

Sweet Robin, then thou may'st explore,
 And join the feather'd throng,
 And ev'ry vocal bush shall pour
 The energy of song.

S O N G.

THINK NOT, MY LOVE.

THINK not, my love, when secret grief
 Preys on my sadden'd heart,
 Think not I wish a mean relief,
 Or would from sorrow part:
 Dearly I prize the sigh sincere,
 That my true fondness prove;
 Nor could I bear to check the tear
 That flows from hopeless love.

Alas! though doom'd to hope in vain,
 The joys that love requite!
 Yet will I cherish all its pain,
 With sad but dear delight:
 This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be;
 But, dearest, may the pangs I bear
 Be ever known to thee.

SONG.

S O N G.

OUR TOPSAIL'S A-TRIP.

By a Gentleman of the Navy.

OUR topsail's a-trip, and our anchor's a-weigh,
To far distant climes from my Fanny I stray;
Tho' borne by false winds, still thy sailor is true,
Tho' wand'ring he's constant to love and to you.

The rock-dashing billows that loudly do roar,
The surge that rebounds from yon lessening shore,
Seem to swell with tears, and the boisterous wind,
To increase with my sighs, to leave thee behind.

When perils surround I'll think of my love,
The soothing idea all fears will remove:
With safety I plough through the dangerous main,
With grief now we part to meet happy again.

S O N G.

FAIR MARIA OF THE DALE.

'TIS not the tint of ruby hue,
That blushes on the full blown rose,
Nor pearly drops of morning dew,
Distilling where the lily blows:

Not

Nor fragrant gales that scent the air,
 Nor sweets exhal'd from flowing vale;
 Not all these beauties can compare,
 With fair Maria of the Dale.

The shepherds of the plains declare
 They ne'er have seen so sweet a maid;
 And whilst they view the charming fair,
 Love doth their easy hearts invade:
 If she but smiles each blithsome swain,
 Steps forth to breathe his am'rous tale;
 For every shepherd strives to gain,
 The lov'd Maria of the Dale.

S O N G.*

THE SILVER MOON IS BLINKING.

HOW sweet, when the silver moon is blinking,
 Through meads to wander slow and mute,
 And of some absent lover thinking,
 Listen to the tender lute;
 Or at the jocund dawn of day,
 When feather'd choirs are singing O!
 And sprightly found the sportive lay,
 And village bells are ringing O:
 To the merry merry strain to dance and play,
 And over the greenward trip away.

While the love-lorn maid is fondly sighing,
 Let music soft her ears assail;
 In plaintive murmurs, breezes dying,
 Listen to the tender tale.
 Or at the jocund, &c.

SONG

S O N G.*

BOB OF THE MILL.

MY heart is as honest and brave as the best,
My body's as sound as a roach,
Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was drest,
Nor stuck up my nob in a coach:
If fortune refuses to flow with my stream,
My sacks with her riches to fill,
Why surely 'tis fortune alone that's to blame,
And not honest Bob of the mill.

My breast is as artless and blithe as my lay,
From my cottage content never flies;
She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,
And I know how to value the prize:
Would the girl that I love then but give me her hand,
The world it may wag as it will,
I defy the fust 'tquire or lord of the land,
To dishonor plain Bob of the mill.

S O N G.*

THRO' GROVES SEQUESTERED.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales and mossy cells among;
In silent paths the careless rill,
With languid murmur steals along:

Awhile

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
 And lingering leaves its native plains,
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,
 And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
 Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honor's sanguinary palm:
 When labour tires and pleasure palls,
 Still let the stream unruffled be,
 As down the steep of age it falls,
 And mingles with eternity.

S O N G *

IF TRUTH CAN FIX.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim,
 He feels the passion void of art,
 The pure the constant flame:
 Though sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn,
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire,
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire:
 By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improve with years,
 As when the blossom fades away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

SONG.

S O N G.*

TUG AT THE OAR.

OH! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be;
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea:
I was ta'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore!
When thought brings to mind my once happy state,
I sigh—while I tug at the oar.

Hard—hard is my fare!—Oh how galling my chain!
My life's steer'd by misery's chart;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn'd to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart:
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel the sharp lash;
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore!
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh—and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in view,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anne, I was hurried from you:
Our Shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more;
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,
He sigh'd—and expir'd at the oar.

SONG.

S O N G.*

ANNA'S LULLABY.

Sung by Mr. Johnson.

ON a bank of sweetest flowers,
Where the rose and lily vie,
There the maid beguil'd sad hours,
Anna there sung lullaby:
Anna there sung lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby,
Anna there sung lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.

Her soul's treasure from her parted,
Gone to conquer or to die,
She exclaims, quite broken hearted,
'Cannons roar his lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

'May the hand of heaven defend him,
'Turn the balls that round him fly,
'To his Anna's arms safe send him,
'There in peace sing lullaby.'
Lullaby, &c.

S O N G.*

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

L OUDLY let the clarion blow,
Britannia scorns her bitt'rest foe,
Nor hostile fleets, nor armies fears,
Protected by her Volunteers.

Whilst gallant Howe commands the main,
Nor Galia dares the sea again,
Each true-born Briton's heart it cheers,
To see our noble Volunteers.

Sedition foul shall hide its head,
And lurking treason vengeance dread,
Since Britain now so proudly rears
Her brave, her gallant, Volunteers.

Let youthful virtue grow in peace,
Let age repose itself at ease,
Let beauty wipe away her tears,
Thus guarded by her Volunteers.

Loud then let the clarion blow,
Britannia scorns each envious foe;
Nor hostile fleets nor armies fears,
Protected by her Volunteers.

SONG.

S O N G.*

AS I WALKED THRO' BRISTOL CITY.

Sung by Mr. Huttley.

AS I walk'd thro' Bristol city I heard a fair maid
sing,
In behalf of her sailor, her Country, and her King,
And she did sing so sweetly, and so sweetly sung she,
That of all the sorts of a calling, why a sailor for me.

You may know my jolly sailor, wherefodever he does
rove,
He's so neat his behaviour, and so true to his love ;
His teeth are white as ivory, his cheeks like the damask
rose,
So you may know my jolly sailor wherefoever he goes.

For your failors are men of honor, and men of courage
bold,
If they go to fight their enemies they are not to be con-
troul'd,
If they go on board a man of war, where thund'ring
cannons roar,
They venture their lives for gold and spend it freely
on shore.

ANSWER.

Come, come, my pretty Polly, come sit thee down by
me,

For now, my pretty Polly, come sit thee down by me,
For now, my pretty Molly, you and I will agree ;
For my Molly is an angel, all drest in willow green,
And she be like any lady, or a beautiful queen.

Pretty Poll has got a colour like the roses in June,
And she plays upon the harpsicord a melodious fine tune,
Her lips are red as rubies, her eyes as black as sloes,
So you may know my pretty Polly wheresomdever she
goes.

I'll build my love a castle on yonder high ground,
Where no lord nor monarch can e're pull it down ;
For the King he can but love his Queen, and my dear
I can do the same,
And you shall be my shepherdes, and I'll be your
dear swain.

S O N G.*

HIS FORM BY NATURE'S HAND WAS CAST.

HIS form by nature's hand was cast,
In beauty's manly mould ;
His heart a costly jewel was,
Cas'd in a shrine of gold ;

The

The gods in heav'nly synod met,
 And each a blessing gave,
 Wife, valiant, virtuous he became,
 But, ah! he was a slave.

He serv'd as slave yet never serv'd,
 A proud unworthy dame;
 He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,
 But fed a hopeless flame:
 For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
 And stubborn was her pride,
 One day she drove him from her sight,
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

And never shall his mournful tale
 Soft pity fail to move;
 Nor was there one who saw the youth,
 That ever fail'd in love:
 And was it then that fortune's blind,
 Or was it fortune's spite,
 O take away her pow'r, ye gods,
 Or give her back her sight.

S O N G.

LOVE.

LOVE's a sweet, a gen'rous passion,
 That can ev'ry vice controul;
 Round the globe in ev'ry nation,
 Love does humanize the soul:

N 2

Love

Love can soften savage nature,
 And fine sentiment impart;
 Love can brighten up each feature,
 And with rapture fill the heart.

Love to social friendship fires us,
 Greatest good this side the grave,
 Love to noble deeds inspires us,
 Love can make e'en cowards brave:
 See two hearts by love united,
 Greater joys can ne'er be found;
 With each other they're delighted,
 And with bliss supreme they're crown'd.

S O N G.

GENTLE LOVE.

GENTLE love this hour befriend me,
 To my eyes resign thy dart;
 Notes of melting music lend me,
 To dissolve a frozen heart:
 Chill as mountain snow her bosom,
 Tho' I tender language use;
 'Tis by cold indifference frozen
 To my arms and to my muse.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
 Where a broken heart appears;
 For thy pity interced'ng,
 With the eloquence of tears:

While

While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldness dies,
Death my ebbing pulse invading,
Take my soul into thine eyes.

S O N G.

FAIRER THAN FAIR EDEN'S BOW'R.

FAIRER than fair Eden's bow'r,
Friendship, goddess heav'nly bright,
Dropping in a balmy show'r,
Breathing concord and delight:
When we feel thy sacred fire
Glow with ardour in our heart,
The flame inspires us with desire,
To relieve each other's smart.

S O N G.*

HARK, HARK, ELIZA'S TUNEFUL VOICE.

Sung by Master Phelps.

HARK, hark, Eliza's tuneful voice
Gives harmony to love's soft song;
Hush ev'ry rude and vulgar noise,
Ye zephyrs softly breathe along.

See love herself stands list'ning by,
While Cupids hover round,
Let not the tender heaving sigh
Disturb the magic sound.

'Tis heav'n to hear Eliza's voice,
When love inspires the song,
But ah! how must that swain rejoice
Whole name her notes prolong.

S O N G.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

COME, all hands ahoy, to the anchor,
From friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her—
She'll soon take another in tow:
This breeze like the old one will kick us
About on the boisterous main,
And one day, if death does not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again:

C H O R U S.

With a will-ho, then, pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
We're in for it, then what folly, boys.
For to be down-hearted, yo-ho.

Our Boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More especially when he gets drunk;
The bob stays supply him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:

The

The studding-sail serves for a hammock,
 With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
 While ensigns and jacks, in a mammoc,
 He sold, to buy trinkets for Poll.
 With a will-ho, &c.

Oft the Purser, this here is the maxim,
 Slops, grog, and provisions, he sacks;
 How he'd look, if you was but to ax him,
 With the Captain's-clerk who 'tis goes snacks?
 O! he'd find it another-gu's story,
 That would bring his bare back to the cat,
 If His Majesty's honor and glory
 Was only just told about that.
 With a will ho, &c.

The Chaplain's both holy and godly
 And sets up for heaven agog;
 Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,
 When he's swearing and drinking of grog:
 When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
 And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
 Cry'd I, 'which is the way to heav'n now, Sir?'
 'Why, you dog,' cry'd the Chaplain, 'her arms!'
 With a will-ho, &c.

The Gunner's the devil of a lubber,
 The Carfindo can't fish a mast;
 The Surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
 The Master can't steer if he's aft:
 The Lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
 The Mates hardly merit their flip;
 Nor is there a swab, but the Captain,
 Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.
 With a will-ho, &c.

Now 'fore and aft having abus'd them,
 Just but for my fancy and gig,
 Could I find any one that ill us'd them,
 D—me but I'd tickle his wig:
 Jack never was known for a railer,
 'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;
 And the sign of a true-hearted sailor,
 Is to give and to take a good joke.
 With a will-ho, &c.

S O N G.*

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly press'd,
 Eliza how great was my bliss!
 The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast,
 I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your sight,
 I scarce can my transports restrain:
 I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight,
 And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms,
 Still stealing from favor to favor;
 Now, now, O ye gods, let me fly to her arms,
 And kiss you for ever and ever.

S O N G.*

KNOWING JOE.

Sung by Mr. Masters.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
Old dad taught me wifely to know folk;
Cod I was so sharp when they laughing came down,
I axt how doft do, to the shew folk:
I could chaunt a good stave, that I know very well,
No boy of my age could talk louder,
Crack a joke, tip the wink, a droll story tell,
Of my cleverness too none were prouder:
So thinks I its better nor following plough,
To try, with these youths, to queer low folks,
Their measter I met and I made him a bow,

(How do you do, Sir, says I, I've a mighty notion of
turning actor-man, I'm main lissome, boxes, wrest-
less, and cudgels very pretty, dances a good jig,
and can play the very devil—then I)

Ax'd a place, and so join'd with the shew-folk.

The plect that I got I determin'd to keep,
But, odzockers, they all were so drollish,
Kings, cobblers, and taylor, a prince or a sweep,
And jaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish:

Their daggers and fwords cod they handled so cute,
 And their leadies were all so bewitching,
 When I thought to be droll I was always struck mute,
 As the bacon-rack hangs in our kitchen :
 They ax'd me to say how the coach was at door,
 When were seated above and below folk,
 Feggs I was so theam-fac'd I flopp'd on the floor,

(A kind of a sort of giddiness seiz'd me all over, the
 candles danc'd the hays, 'twere dimmish as a scotch
 mist, I dropped down dead as a shot)

And fbounded away 'mong the shew-folk.

They laugh'd so and jeer'd me as never wur zeen,
 All manner of fancies were playing ;
 One night I was sent for to wait on a queen,
 (I believes it were queen Hamlet of Dunkirk)
 Not thinking the plan they were laying :
 My leady she died in her chair next her spouse,
 While with pins me behind they were pricking,
 All at once I scream'd out, lent her grace such a douse
 That alive she was soon aye and kicking :
 The people all laug'd at and hooted poor I,
 And the comical does did me so joke,
 That I made but one step without bidding good by,
 (From their steage, cod I never so much as once looked
 behind me, tumbled over a barrel of thunder,
 knock'd down a hail-storm, roll'd over the sea,
 darted like lightning through the infernal regions)
 And so took my leave of the shew-folk.

SONG.

S O N G.*

HOW SWEET'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

WHEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
 He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
 He stole my heart, but did na care,
 The lad he lov'd a lass more fair,
 And oft' I sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

He loo'd a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes caul and sometimes kind,
 Which made the love-sick laddie rue,
 For she was caul when he was true:
 He mourn'd and sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd
 Where cowlips and sweet lav'rocks join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair—
 But she refus'd a gift sae fair:
 This scorn he cry'd, can ne'er be born,
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell tale een,
 (And truest love is soonest seen)
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine,
 For thy soft wishes are like mine:
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
 For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was bold frank and kind,
 I lov'd the lad and told my mind;
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
 And wha sae blest as he and me?
 Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

S O N G. *

THE FAINT DENIAL.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

HOW mistaken is the lover,
 Who on words builds hopes of bliss;
 And fondly thinks we love discover,
 If perchance we answer, yes:
 Prompted often by discretion,
 Is the seeming kind expression,
 When the tongue the heart belying,
 Dares not venture on denying,
 But in spite of discontent,
 Gives the semblage of consent.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,
 Tho' the falt'ring tongue comply,
 What avails the cold confession,
 If th' averted eyes deny?
 Happier far th' experienc'd swain,
 Knows he triumphs must attain,
 When in vain successful trial,
 Language gives the faint denial;

While

While the eyes betray the fiction,
 In delightful contradiction,
 And the cheeks with blushes glow,
 And the tongue still falters no.

S O N G.*

SWEET JANE OF GRISIPOLY.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

O HAD I Allen Ramsay's art,
 To sing my passion tender,
 In ev'ry line she'd read my heart,
 Such soothing strains I'd send her:
 Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
 To shew, is all a folly,
 How much I love the charming maid,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

She makes me know what all desire,
 With such bewitching glances,
 Her modest air then checks my fire,
 And stops my bold advances:
 Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
 Yet by her conquer'd wholly,
 For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

My

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an am'rous ninny,
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy I sign Jenny :
 Last Sunday when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grilipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and and lowly,
 A straw for power and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely :
 From every base and selfish view.
 So free my heart is wholly,
 And she is kind as I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grilipoly.

S O N G.*

TOBY PHILPOT.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with
 mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl;
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In a flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing forrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 Here's a health to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.

OLD AGNESS.

MY true hearty fellows, who smoke with such glee,
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free;
 And sing of our pipes, while thus merry and snug,
 We lighten our cares as we lighten our jug;
 The jug which from Toby its origin boasts,
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enliven's our toast.

Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,
 That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale;
 Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,
 Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as his wife:
 Therefore singing her praise we with joy will regale,
 Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,
 Thought to visit again there might answer his pains;
 Where in brief he found Agnes, whose death as her life,
 Made her qualified duly to lie as his wife:
 Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,
 Whose Vicar the following epitaph wrote.

'Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby, renown'd,
 'Who liv'd while on earth now lies dead in this ground;
 'Old care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,
 'She soften'd her sorrows with brandy and milk,
 'Swoln quite silky she thriv'd, 'till her skin gave a crack
 'When death popping in laid her here on her back.'

At these lines our shrewd potter a happy thought
 started,
 That Toby and Agnes should never be parted;
 So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk,
 And temper'd with brandy 'till softer than silk,
 And forming these pipes he advis'd fly and snug,
 That we kiss her fair clay, and shake hands with his
 jug.

S O N G.*

'TIS in vain for succour calling,
 Hope no more my bosom cheers;
 Cruel fate that bliss appalling,
 With her scrol of joyless years:
 Come, despair and distraction, confound me,
 Add still to my life's wretched load;
 And while your mix'd horrors surround me,
 This desert of wildness shall be my abode.

TOASTS

S E L E C T
T O A S T S A N D S E N T I M E N T S .

LONG live the King that seeks his people's love.
The Nation, the Law, and the King.

May might never overcome right.

Familiarity bounded by decency, and friendship unfounded by interest.

Gratitude to friends and generosity to enemies.

Heaven to those who wish for it, repentance to those who do not.

Hope and happiness in every state of life.

Success to every just pursuit.

Innocence in our desires, and influence to obtain them.

Inefficacy to the projects of those who would hurt us or our country.

Instability to the councils of Britain's enemies, foreign and domestic.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

A speedy check to unbridled ambition.

The rose of pleasure without the thorn.

May true love and honor always go together.

Perdition to all villains that exist on the wreck of their country.

May we neither experience the fate of France, or be duped out of our liberties.

May our principles be ever upright, and our morals pure.

May our love for our King have no bounds, nor our fear of him need any.

May the judgment of our benches never be biaſſed.

May no ſon of the ocean ever be devoured by his mother.

May the friend of diſtreſs never know want or ſorrow.

May the lovers of liberty never want the comforts of life.

May the intereſts of the King and Kingdom never be thought diſtinct.

May the wealth of rogues devolve upon honeſt men.

May the ſons of freedom be united to the daughters of virtue.

May the worth of the nation be ever inſtimable.

May private grief never affect the public welfare.

May the ſighs of ſorrow never be loſt in air.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

The freedom of the Press.

May true love always gain its object.

**The Trial by Jury, and may the rights of Jurymen
to protect the innocent ever remain inviolate.**

Peace and good-will to all mankind.

**May the miseries of war cease to have existence among
enlightened nations.**

**May Britons feel an interest in all great events that
do honor to human nature.**

**Labours true reward to every Briton—content and
plenty.**

**Love, liberty, and length of blissful days,
To him who seeks not, but would merit praise.**

**Love's purest bliss to him who virtue guides,
Its muddy dregs to where foul lust resides.**

**Long may the present George fill Britain's throne,
And truth and justice all his measures own.**

**May the Monarch only found his greatness on his
subjects love.**

May the miser's fear anticipate disgrace.

**May the sword of sorrow never wound the heart of
sensibility.**

**May British chastity ever keep pace with British
beauty.**

**May our commodities of all kinds be fairly and
honorably entered.**

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Abfalom's end to the fomenters of public mischief.

Confusion to the minions of vice.

Conscious innocence, and constant independence.

Debility to the vicious and docility to the ignorant.

Destruction to those who would destroy innocence.

Evil to him who would his country wrong.

Emulation in virtue, and emigration to vice.

Each lad his lafs and honor bind them all.

Envy in an air-pump without a passage to breathe through.

Friendship in a palace and falshood in a dungeon.

May all civil distinctions among men be founded upon public utility.

Detection and disgrace to the lovers of deceit.

May neither precedent nor antiquity be a sanction to errors pernicious to mankind.

The abolition of domestic slavery throughout the world.

May the influence of prejudice, in matters of government, and superstition in matters of religion, be for ever banished from society.

May the civil power never interpose between the conscience of man and his maker.

May public responsibility attach to every public office

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.

May Britons never have a tyrant to oppose.

A speedy trip to all scoundrels.

The honest butcher, who monopolizes neither buttocks, rumps, nor sticking pieces.

To him who remembers a friend in distress.

May prosperity be the guardian of adversity.

The path to matrimony and road to a christening.

May we always live with them we love.

Speedy relief to all oppress'd and distress'd.

May the Benedicts never take a bird's eye view of Cuckold's Point.

May we never imbibe French Principles, or English dissipation.

Submission to the laws of our country when administered with purity.

May our follies be punished with reproof.

Starvation to all wealthy villains who exist by monopoly.

May we never want sauce to a cauliflower.

The lovely maid of all work.

May we ever promote the welfare of our country.

May we ever refuse the advice which passion gives.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the extremity of right never approach the boundaries of justice.

May liberty never be abused, nor virtue ill used.

May our wealth or our wit never be thrown away upon undeservers.

May confidence in ourselves never lull us into dangerous security.

May hope never elude our grasp, nor fear appal our imagination.

May religion and politics flow from pure and upright principles.

May our artists never be forced into artifice to gain applause and fortune.

May the duties of social life never give way to selfishness.

Society's surest cements—temperance and modesty.

The fate of Ixion to the seducer of female chastity—to embrace a cloud.

When our country calls, may our heart never fail us.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May a Roman virtue be encircled with a courtier's ease.

May the moments of mirth be regulated by the dial of reason.

F I N I S.



